

Büch. 116

CHOICE

Of the best poetical pieces of the most eminent
ENGLISH POETS.

Published

By Joseph Retzer.

Vol. I.

V i e n n a

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M D C C L X X X I I I .

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TO Mr. INIGO BORN

His Imperial Majesty's Counsellor in the chamber of
the Mint and Mines

Member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences in
Petersburgh, and of the Royal Society in
London &c.

To you, MY DEAR FRIEND! in whom the most shining parts are so happily allied to the most excellent qualities of the heart, be this *Choice of english poems* dedicated. I shall have the satisfaction of having fully attained my scope, if at a leisure hour it affords some entertainment to You, and men like you, in whom the oppressive weight of state affairs, and the intense application of the faculties in the study of more serious and abstruse sciences have not banished the love and relish of the milder Muses.

In this point of view I flatter myself, that the following collection containing in a

few volumes, after the manner of the *Elite de Poesies fugitives* a choice of similar poems selected from more than three hundred volumes of the best english poets known to me, will appear widely different from those compiled within these few years in Germany by language teachers for the improvement of youth only.

Entertainment being the chief scope I aimed at, and presupposing a perfect knowledge of the english language as well as of literature, I thought it needless to be nicely solicitous about the chronological order of the poets, or the usual distribution of the poems, though I am far from depreciating the usefulness of such a plan; on the contrary I should rejoice with all Germany if Ebert, Eschenburg, Dusch, or my intimate friend Boie (the editor of the german Museum, whose kind assistance to me in fulfilling my present plan I most gratefully acknowledge) would favour the world

with such an *authentick literary history of English Poetry.*

All extensive works, all heroick or didactic poems, dramas, or satires are excluded from my plan, which has pleasure and variety for its objects. In pursuance of them I have endeavoured to save my reader from the monotony of the same author's thoughts in several succeeding poems, or the satiety arising from the same subjects being repeatedly presented to him in one continued series of Poems. I have therefore chosen, that a sublime ode should be followed by an affecting elegy, a philosophical epistle by a merry song, an instructive fable by a witty epigram, and MILTON and BUTLER, YOUNG and ROCHESTER should walk hand in hand without impropriety.

This collection will no wise resemble a *stiff symmetrical french Garden*, but is meant to represent the natural irregularity of *an eng-*

lish one, and if a few old english poems are inserted here and there, they will appear; as not ungraceful *Ruins*.

For the benefit of my countrymen, who love method even in their pleasures, I have subjoined to every volume an alphabetical index of the poems contained, to which at the close of the whole Collection will be added a compleat index of the poets too.

I have purposely been sparing of my extracts from authors universally perused, in order to find room for such poems as are little known and rarely to be found in *Vienna*, and have mostly chosen such as characterize the author, which made it necessary to prefer sometimes a piece of lesser merit to a much better one.

I have some pride in being the first in the *Austrian dominions*, who has undertaken to publish a work for the propagation and

more extensive acquaintance with English literature, which hitherto has been confined only to SHAKESPEAR, MILTON, POPE and YOUNG, and founded more upon *critical papers* and *translations*, consequently more upon *tradition* and *implicit faith* than *conviction*. Yet neither SHAKESPEAR, MILTON nor POPE stand in need of *implicit faith* to be the objects of the highest esteem. Thus I hope to be of real use to my countrymen, at the same time that I afford them a rational entertainment. And can there be a more favourable time to court the literature of a *free nation*, than in the *happy days* of JOSEPH'S reign, when *freedom of thought*, the blessed consequence of the *freedom of the press* gains so much ground !

Such are my motives, and I gladly lay them before You, my DEAR BORN! from the sincere wish of seeing every action of my life honoured with your approbation. For your friendship is my pride and comfort and

VIII

I shall ever rejoice in the recollection of that
thrice happy day, on which I entered such ties
with you, as the virtuous never will give up,
nay never is able to violate. I dedicate this
work not only to the profound scholar, whose
merit is revered at Petersburg, London and
Paris, but to the upright and benevolent man,
whom I have ever found the warmest friend to
virtue and humanity. With these inviolable sen-
timents of an unbounded esteem and cordial
affection I shall ever remain

Dear Sir

Your faithful and devoted servant
JOSEPH RETZER.

An Account

of the greatest English Poets.

To Mr. Henry Sacheverell, April 3. 1694.

Since, dearest Harry, you will needs request
A short account of all the muse possest,
That, down from *Chaucer's* days to *Dryden's* times
Have spent their noble rage in British rhimes;
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
I'll try to make their sev'ral beauties known,
And show their verses worth, tho' not my own.

Long had our dull fore-fathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful nine;
Till *Chaucer* first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose.
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetick rage,
 In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;
 An age, that yet incultivate and rude,
 Where e'er the poet's fancy led, pursu'd
 Thro' pathless fields, and unrequited floods,
 To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
 But now the mystic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
 Can charm an understanding age no more;
 The long-spun allegories fulsom grow,
 While the dull moral lies too plain below.
 We view we'll pleas'd, at distance, all the fights
 Of arms and palfries, battels, fields and fights,
 And damsels in distress and courteous knights.
 But when we look too near, the shades decay,
 And all the pleasing landskip fades away.

Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
 O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
 His turns too closely on the reader press:
 He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.
 One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
 With silent wonder, but new wonders rise,
 As in the milky way a shining white
 O'er-flows the heav'ns with one continu'd light,
 That not a single star can shew his rays,
 Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
 Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name

Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blam'd
 Thy fault is only wit in its excess ;
 But wit , like thine , in any shape will please .
 What muse , but thine , can equal hints inspire ,
 And fit thee deep - mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre ;
 Pindar , whom others in a labour'd strain ,
 And forc'd expression , imitate in vain ?
 Well pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight ,
 And plays in more unbounded verse , and takes a nob-
 ler flight .

Blest man ! whose spotless life and charming lays
 Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise ;
 Blest man ! who now shalt be for ever known ,
 In Sprat's successful labours and thy own .

But Milton next with high and haughty stalks
 Unfetter'd in majestick numbers walks .
 No vulgar hero can his muse ingage ;
 Nor earth's wide scene confine with hallow'd rage .
 See ! see ! he upwards springs , and tow'ring high
 Spurns the dull province of mortality ;
 Shakes heav'n's eternal throne with dire alarms ,
 And sets th' almighty thunderer in arms .
 What - e'er his pen describes I more than see ,
 Whilst ev'ry verse , array'd in majesty ,
 Bold and sublime my whole attention draws ,
 And seems above the critick's nicer laws .

How are you struck with terror and delight ,
When Angel with Arch - Angel copes in fight !
When great Messiah's out - spread banner shines ,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines !
What sounds of brazen wheels , what thounder scare ,
And stun the reader with the din of war !
With fear my spirits and my blood retire ,
To see the Seraphs funk in clouds of fire .
But when with eager steps , from hence I rise ,
And view the first gay scenes of Paradise ;
What tongue , what words of rapture can express ?
A vision so profuse of pleasantness !
O had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen ,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men ;
His other works might have deserv'd applause !
But now the language can't support the cause ;
While the clean current , tho' serene and bright ,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight .

But now my muse , a softer strain rehearse ,
Turn ev'ry line with art , and smooth thy verse ;
The courtly *Waller* next commands thy lays :
Muse , tune thy verse , with arts to *Waller's* praise .
While tender airs , and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts , and propagate desire ;
So long shall *Waller's* strains our passions move ,
And *Saccharissa's* beauty kindle love .

Thy verse, harmonious Bard, and flatt'ring song,
 Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong,
 Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
 And compliment the storm, that bore him hence.
 Oh had thy muse not come an age too soon,
 But seen great Nassau on the British throne !
 How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
 And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage !
 What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
 And how had Boin's wide current reek'd in blood !
 Or if Maria's charms thou wouldest rehearse,
 In smoother numbers and a softer verse,
 Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
 And Gloriana wou'd have seem'd more fair.

Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
 That makes ev'n rules a noble poetry :
 Rules whose deep sense and heav'nly numbers show
 The best of criticks, and of poets too.
 Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
 While Cooper's hill commands the neigh'ring plains.

But see where artful Dryden next appears,
 Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
 Great Dryden next, whose tuneful muse affords
 The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
 Whether in comick sounds, or tragick airs,
 She forms her voice, she moves our smiles, or tears.

If Satire, or heroick strains she writes,
 Her hero pleases and her satire bites.
 From her no harsh, unartful numbers fall,
 She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
 How might we fear, our English poetry,
 That long has flourish'd, shou'd decay with thee;
 Did not the muses other hope appear,
 Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:
 Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
 Has given already much, and promis'd more.
 Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
 And Dryden's muse shall in his friend survive.

I'm tir'd with rhiming, and wou'd fain give o'er,
 But justice still demands one labour more:
 The noble Montague remains unnam'd,
 For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd.
 To Dorset he directs his artful muse,
 In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
 How negligently graceful he unreins
 His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains:
 How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
 And all the hero in full glory shines!
 We see his army set in just array,
 And Boin's dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
 Nor Simois, choak'd with men, and arms, and blood;
 Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,

Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,
 Tho' gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams.
 But now, to Nassau's secret councils rais'd,
 He aids the hero whom before he prais'd.

I've done at length ; and now, dear friend, receive
 'The last poor present, that my muse can give.
 I leave the arts of poetry and verse
 To them, that practise'em with more success.
 Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell ;
 And so at once, dear friend, and muse, farewell !

Addison.

On a quiet conscience.

Close thine eyes and sleep secure ;
 Thy soul is safe, thy body sure :
 He, that guards thee, he that keeps,
 Never slumbers, never sleeps.
 A quiet conscience in the breast
 Has only peace, has only rest :
 The music and the mirth of kings
 Are out of tune, unless she sings :
 Then close thine eyes in peace, and sleep secure,
 No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure.

King Charles I.

D a m o n.

*Handed about as the production of the Queen of Eng-
land. Lond. Mag. March. 1765.*

Genteel is my Damon, engaging his air,
His face, like the moon, is both ruddy and fair,
Soft love fits enthron'd in the beam of his eyes,
He's manly, yet tender; he's fond and yet wise.

He's ever good-humour'd, he's gen'rous and gay;
His presence can always drive sorrow away;
No vanity sways him, no folly is seen,
But open his temper, and noble his mien.

By virtue illumin'd his actions appear;
His passions are calm, and his reason is clear;
An affable sweetness attends on his speech;
He's willing to learn, tho' he's able to teach,

He has promis'd to love me, his word I'll believe,
For his heart is too honest, to let him deceive;
Then blame me, ye fair ones, if justly you can,
Since the picture I've drawn, is exactly the man.

The Resolution, an Elegy.

Written in the Year 1742.

Too much my heart of beauty's pow'r has known :
 Too long to love has reason left the throne ;
 Too long my better genius mourn'd his chain,
 And youth's unvalued hours consum'd in vain.
 My wishes, lull'd with soft, inglorious dreams,
 Forgot the patriot's and the sage's themes ;
 Thro' many a painted vale and fairy grove,
 Thro' all th' enchanted paradise of love,
 Misled by sickly hope's delusive flame.
 Averse to action, and renouncing fame.

At length the visionary scenes decay :
 At length my eyes confess the new - born day,
 Whose faithful beams detect the dangerous road
 In which my heedless feet securely trod ;
 And strip the phantoms of their lying charms,
 Which lur'd my soul from wisdom's peaceful arms.
 Now for smooth streams, and banks bespread with flow'rs,
 For myrtle walks, and amaranthine bow'rs ;
 Lo, barren heaths appear, and pathless woods,
 And rocks incumbent o'er unfathom'd floods,
 For happy smiles, or openness of heart,
 Looks bright with love, and passion scorning art;
 Lo, fullen spite, and cunning lust of gain,

And cruel pride, and insolent disdain.

For graceful ease, lo, affectation walks;

And dull half-sense for wit and wisdom talks.

O youth, whoe'er dost beauty's paths attend,
Paths which in love's perfidious mansion end.

O learn from me what pomp surrounds his throne:
For I have known the place, too well have known,

There burning fury heav'n and earth defies;

And dumb despair in icy fetters lies;

And black suspicion bends his gloomy brow,

The unblest image of himself to view;

And blind belief, with all a lover's flame,

Sinks in those arms which clothe his head with shame.

There wan dejection, faltering as he goes,

In shades and silence vainly seeks repose;

Musing thro' pathless wilds consumes the day:

'Then, lost in darkness, weeps the hours away.

There the gay train of luxury advance,

To Lydian sounds adapting Circe's dance.

On every head the vernal garland glows.

In every hand the purple goblet flows:

The Syren views them with exulting eyes;

And laughs at bashful virtue, as she flies;

Are these delights which I should wish to gain?

Is this th' elysium of a sober brain?

To watch for happiness in female Smiles;

Bear all her scorn, be caught with all her wiles :
 Her mercy, with a coward's skill, to crave ;
 Bless her hard bonds, and boast to be her slave :
 To feel for trifles a distracting train
 Of fears and wishes, equally in vain :
 This hour to tremble, and the next to glow —
 Can pride, can human sense descend so low ;
 When virtue, at an easier price, displays
 The sacred wreath of honourable praise ;
 When wisdom utters her divine decree,
 To laugh at serious folly, and be free ?

I bid adieu then to these woful scenes :
 I bid adieu to all the sex of queens,
 Adieu to ev'ry suff'ring, simple soul,
 Who lets a woman's will his peace controul.
 There laugh ye witty, and rebuke ye grave —
 I scorn to boast that I have been a slave.
 I bid the whining brotherhood, begone —
 Joy to my heart ! my wishes are my own.
 Farewell the female heav'n, the female hell :
 To thee, great God of love, a glad farewell,
 Thy wild mis-rule at length has freed my heart;
 And reason, passion, force thee to depart.

But wherefore dost thou linger on thy way ?
 Why vainly search for some pretence to stay,
 When crouds of vassals court thy pleasing yoke,

And countless victims bow them to the stroke ?
 Lo ! round thy shrine a thousand youths advance ,
 Warm with the gentle ardours of romance :
 Each vows t' assert his nymph with feats of arms ,
 Till hostile champions kneeling own her charms.
 Ten thousand girls , with rosy chaplets crown'd ,
 To groves and streams thy tender triumph sound :
 Each bids the stream in murmurs tell her flame ;
 Each calls the grove to sigh her shepherd's name.
 But if thy pride such obvious honour scorn ,
 If nobler off'rings must thy shrine adorn ,
 To yonder rev'rend maid direct thy wing ;
 To that rich harvest of the fiftieth spring.
 Her shalt thou bind in thy delightful chains ,
 And thrill with gentle pangs her wither'd veins ;
 Thy wishful warmth her frosty cheek shall dye ,
 And dreams of rapture melt her maudlin eye.

Be these thy glories. But no more presume ,
 That my rebellious heart will yield thee room.
 I know thy puny force , thy simple wiles ;
 I break triumphant thro' thy slender toils.
 I see thy dying lamp's last languid glow ,
 Thy arrows blunted , and unbrac'd thy bow :
 I feel diviner fires my breast inflame ,
 For active science and ingenious fame ;

Resume the paths my earlier choice began,
And lose with pride the lover in the man.

Hymn on Solitude.

Hail! mildly pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good;
But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.

Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,

A lone philosopher you seem;

Now quick from hill to vale you fly,

And now you sweep the vaulted sky.

A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,

And warble forth your oaten strain.

A lover now, with all the grace

Of that sweet passion in your face:

Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume

The gentle looking Harford's bloom,

As, with her Mufidora, she

(Her Musidora fond of thee)
 Amid the long withdrawing vale,
 Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
 Just as the dew - bent rose is born ;
 And while meridian fervours beat,
 Thine is the woodland dumb retreat :
 But chief, when evening scenes decay,
 And the faint landscape swims away ,
 Thine is the doubtful soft decline ,
 And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train ,
 The virtues of the Sage , and swain ;
 Plain innocence , in white array'd ,
 Before thee lifts her fearless head :
 Religion's beams around thee shine ,
 And cheer thy glooms with light divine ;
 About thee sports sweet Liberty ;
 And rapt Urania sings to thee.

O let me pierce thy secret cell !
 And in thy deep recesses dwell ;
 Perhaps from Norwood's oak - clad hill ,
 When meditation has her fill ,
 I just may cast my careless eyes
 Where London's spiry turrets rise ,

Think of its crimes , its cares , its pain ,
Then shield me in the woods again.

Thomson.

S o n g.

Gentle Youth , o , tell me why
Tears are starting from my eye ;
When each night from you I part ,
Why the Sigh , that rends my heart ?
Gentle Youth , o , tell me true ,
Is it then the same with you ?

Two or Three ; or a Receipt to make a Cuckold.

Two or three visits , and two or three bows ,
Two or three civil things , two or three vows ,
Two or three kisses , and two or three fighs ,
Two or three Jesus's ! and let me dye's !
Two or three squeezes , and two or three towzes ,
With two or three thousand pounds lost at their houses ,
Can never fail Cuckolding two or three spouses .

Pope's Misc.

On a Church-Yard.

Here in one horrid ruin lies
 The Great, the Fair, the Young, the Wise
 Th' ambitious king, whose boundless mind
 Scarce to a world could be confin'd,
 Now content with narrower room
 Lies crewded in his marble tomb :
 Death triumphs o'er the boasted state
 The vain distinctions of the Great ;
 Here in one common heap they lie
 And eloquent in silence cry :
 Ambition is but vanity.

And see this sculptur'd tomb contains
 Of beauty the abhor'd remains ;
 That face which none unmov'd could view ,
 Has lost th' enchanting rosy hue
 Those once resistless sparkling eyes
 No more can heedless hearts surprise :
 That form which ev'ry charm could boast
 In loathsome rottenness is lost.

See there the Youth whose chearful bloom
 Promis'd a train of years to - come ,
 Whose soft address and graceful air
 Had scarce obtain'd the yielding Fair ,

When fate derides th' expected joys
And all his flatt'ring hope destroys.

There sleep the Bards whose lofty lays
Have crown'd their names with lasting praise,
Who, thought eternity they give,
While heroes in their numbers live,
Yet these resign their tuneful breath
And wit must yield to mightier death.
Even I, the lowest of the throng,
Unskill'd in verse or artful song
Shall shortly shrowd my humble head
And mix with them among the dead.

Elizabeth Rowe.

The Wood Nymph.

Approach in silence, 'tis no vulgar tale
Which I, the Dryad of this hoary oak,
Pronounce to mortal ears. The Second age
Now hasteneth to its period, since I rose
On this fair lawn. The groves of yonder vale
Are all, my offspring: and each Nymph who guards
the copse and the furrow'd fields beyond,
Obeys me. Many changes have I seen
In human things, and many awful deeds
Of justice, when the ruling hand of Jove

Against the Tyrants of the land , against
The unhallow'd sons of luxury and guile ,
Was arm'd for retribution. Thus at length
Expert in laws divine , I know the paths
Of wisdom , and erroneous folly's end
Have of presag'd : and now well pleas'd I wait
Each evening till a noble youth , who loves
My shade , awhile releas'd from public cares ,
Yon peaceful gate shall enter , and sit down
Beneath my branches. Then his musing mind
I prompt , unseen ; and place before his view
Sincerest forms of good ; and move his heart
With the dread bounties of the Sire Supreme
Of Gods and men , with freedom's generous deeds ,
The lofty voice of glory , and the faith
Of Sacred friendship. Stranger I have told
My function. If within thy bosom dwell
Aught which may challenge praise , thou will not leave
Unhonour'd my abode , nor shall I hear
A sparing benediction from thy tongue.

Mark Akenfide.

Hassan or the Camel - Driver
Scene, the Desert. Time, Mid - day.

E c l o g u e.

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past :
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light Scrip contain'd a scanty store ;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching fand.
The fultry Sun had gain'd the middle Sky ,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh ;
The beasts, whit pain , their dusty way pursue ,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view !
With desp'rate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:
,, Sad was the hour , and luckless was the day,
,, When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way ! “
 Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind ,
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find !
Bethink thee , Hassan , where shall thirst assuage ,
When fails this cruise , his unrelenting rage ?
Soon shall this Scrip its precious load resign ;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?
 Ye mute companions of my toils , that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share !

Here , where no Springs in murmurs break away ,
 Or moss - crown'd fountains mitigate the day ,
 In vain ye hope the green delights to know ,
 Which plains most blest , or verdant vales bestow :
 Here rocks alone , and tasteless sands are found ,
 And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around .
 „ Sad was the hour , and luckless was the day ,
 „ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way ? “
 Curst be the gold and Silver which persuade
 Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade !
 The lily peace out shines the Silver store ,
 And life is dearer than the golden ore :
 Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown ;
 To every distant mart and wealthy town .
 Full oft we tempt the land , and oft the Sea :
 And are we only yet repay'd by thee ?
 Ah ! why was ruin so attractive made ,
 Or why fond man so easily betray'd ?
 Why heed we not , while mad we haste along ,
 The gentle voice of peace , or pleasure's Song ?
 Or wherefore think the flowery mountains side ,
 The fountain's murmurs , and the valley's pride ;
 Why think we these less pleasing to behold ,
 Than dreary deserts , if they lead to gold ?
 „ Sad was the hour , and luckless was the day ,
 „ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !

O cease my fears ! all frantic as I go ,
When thought creates unnumber'd Scenes of woe ,
What if the lion in his rage I meet ! —
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :
And fearful ! oft , when day's declining light
Yields her empire to the mourner night ,
By hunger rous'd , he Scours the groaning plain ,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tygers in his train :
Before them death with Shrieks directs their way ,
Fills the wild yell , and leads them to their prey .
,, Sad was the hour , and luckless was the day ,
,, When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way ! “
At the dead hour the silent asp shall creep ,
If aught of rest I find , upon my sleep :
Or some swoln Serpent twist his Scales around ,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound .
Thrice happy they , the wise contented poor ,
From lust of wealth , and dread of death secure !
They tempt no deserts , and no griefs they find ;
Peace rules the day , where reason rules the mind .
,, Sad was the hour , and luckless was the day ,
,, When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way ! “
O hapless youth ! for she thy love hath won ,
The tender Zara , will be most undone !
Big swell'd my heart , and own'd the powerful maid ,
When fast she drop'd her tears , as thus she said :

„ Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
 „ Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain !
 „ Yet as thou goe'st, may every blast arise
 „ Weak and unfeIt as these rejected sighs !
 „ Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see,
 „ No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me.“
 O let me safely to the fair return ,
 Say , with a kiss , she must not , shall not mourn ;
 O ! let me teach my heart to lose its fears ,
 Recall'd by wisdom's voice , and Zara's tears .

He said , and call'd on heaven to bless the day ,
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way .

Collins.

To a Young Gentleman in Love.

a Tale.

From publick Noise and factious Strife ,
 From all the busy Ills of Life ,
 Take me , My Celia , to thy Breast ;
 And lull my wearied Soul to Rest : *
 For ever , in this humble Cell ,
 Let Thee and I , my Fair One , dwell ;
 None enter else , but *Love* — and He
 Shall bar the Door , and keep the Key .
 To painted Roofs , and shining Spires

(Uneasy Seats of high Desires)

Let the unthinking many croud,
That dare be Covetous and Proud:
In golden Bondage let Them wait,
And barter Happiness for State;
But oh ! My Celia , when thy Swain
Desires to see a Court again ;
May Heav'n around this destin'd Head
The choicest of its Curses shed :
To sum up all the Rage of Fate ,
In the two Things I dread and hate ;
May'st Thou be False , and I be Great.
Thus , on his Celia's panting Breast ,
Fond Celadon his Soul exprest ;
While with Delight the lovely Maid
Receiv'd the vows , she thus repaid :
Hope of my Age , Joy of my Youth ,
Blest Miracle of Love and 'Truth !
All that cou'd e'er be counted Mine ,
My Love and Life , long since are Thine ;
A real Joy I never knew ;
Till I believ'd thy Passion true :
A real Grief I ne'er can find ;
Till thou prov'st Perjur'd or Unkind.
Contempt , and Poverty , and Care ,
All we abhor , and all we fear ,

Blest with thy Presence, I can bear,
 Thro' Waters, and thro' Flames I'll go,
 Suff'rer and Solace of thy Woe:
 Trace me some yet unheard - of Way,
 That I thy Ardour may repay;
 And make my constant Passion known,
 By more than Woman yet has done.
 Had I a Wish that did not bear
 The Stamp and Image of my Dear;
 I'd pierce my Heart thro' ev'ry Vein,
 And die to let it out again,
 No: *Venus* shall my Witness be,
 (If *Venus* ever lov'd like Me)
 That for one Hour I wou'd not quit
 My Shepherd's Arms, and this Retreat,
 To be the *Perfian* Monarch's Bride,
 Part'ner of all his Pow'r and Pride;
 Or Rule in Regal State above,
 Mother of Gods, and Wife of Jove.
 O happy these of human Race!
 But soon, alas! our Pleasures pass,
 He thank'd her on his bended Knee;
 Then drank a Quart of Milk and Tea;
 And leaving her ador'd Embrace,
 Hasten'd to Court to beg a Place.
 While she, his Absence to bemoan,

The very Moment he was gone,
 Call'd Thyrsis from beneath the Bed!
 Where all this time he had been hid.

M o r a l.

While men have these ambitious Fancies;
 And wanton Wenches read Romances;
 Our sex will — what? Out with it. Lye;
 And theirs in equal strains reply.
 The Moral of the tale I sing
 (A Posy for a wedding Ring)
 In this short verse will be confin'd:
 Love is a jest, and vows are wind.

Prior.

S t a n z a's.

At length, my soul! thy fruitless hopes give o'er,
 Believe, believe the treach'rous world no more.
 Shallow, yet swift, the stream of fortune flows,
 While some rude wind will always discompose;
 As children birds, so men their bliss pursue,
 Hill out of reach, tho' ever in their view.
 In vain, for all that empty greatness brings,
 We lose our lives amidst the courts of kings
 And suffer scorn, and bend the supple knee;

The Monarch dies — one moments turn destroys
 Long future prospects, and short present joys :
 Oh unperforming, false mortality !
 All is but dust, when once their breath is fled ;
 The fierce, the pompous majesty lies dead !
 The world no longer trembles at their pow'r !
 Ev'n in those tombs where their proud names survive,
 Where still in breathing brass they seem to live,
 Th' impartial worms that very dust devour.
 The lofty styles of happy, glorious, great,
 The lords of fortune, arbiters of fate,
 And Gods of war, lye lost within the grave !
 Their mighty minions then come tumbling down,
 They lose their flatt'lers as they lose their crown,
 Forgot of ev'ry friend, and ev'ry slave !

H y m e n.

No suppliant vot'ry at thy modest shrine
 For promis'd bliss delay'd assails thine ear ;
 Grateful I own, thy choicest Gifts are mine ,
 Thy Gifts , increasing still tho' many a year .
 Peace, Health and Ease and unreprov'd Delight
 And calm contentment form thy gentle train ;
 Love waves his light wings , joyous at thy sight ,
 Proud to partake with thee thy easy reign .

Fanning thy golden torch, he smiles to see
 His fairest promises fulfill'd by thee!
 Still may that golden torch diffuse its light!
 By love's soft pinions fanned, still glow more bright,
 Thro' latest years extent its chearing ray,
 And gild the gathering gloom of life's expiring day!

Ms Cartwright.

T h c D o v e.

I.

In *Virgil's* sacred verse we find,
 That Passion can depress or raise
 The heavenly as the human mind:
 Who dare deny what *Virgil* says?

2.

But if they shou'd; what our great master
 Has thus laid down, my Tale shall prove.
 Fair *Venus* wept the sad disaster
 Of having lost her Fav'rite Dove.

3.

In Complaisance poor *Cupid* mourn'd;
 His grief reliev'd his Mother's Pain;
 He vow'd he'd leave no stone unturn'd,
 But she shou'd have her Dove again,

C 2

4.

Tho' none , said he , shall yet be nam'd ,
 I know the felon well enough :
 But be she not , Mamma , condemn'd
 Without a fair and legal proof.

5.

With that , his longest dart he took ,
 As constable wou'd take his staff :
 That gods desire like men to look ,
 Wou'd make ev'n Heraclitus laugh.

6.

Love's Subaltern , a duteous band ,
 Like watchmen round their chief appear :
 Each had his Lanthorn in his hand :
 And Venus mask'd brought up the rear .

7.

Accouter'd thus , their eager step
 To Cloe's lodging they directed :
 (At once I write , alas ! and weep ,
 That Cloe is of theft suspected.)

8.

Late they set out , had far to go :
 St. Dunstan's as they pass'd , struck one .
 Cloe for reasons good , you know ,
 Lives at the sober end o'th' town .

9.

With one great peal they rap the door,
 Like footmen on a Visiting - Day.
 Folks at her house at such an hour !
 Lord ! what will all the neighbours say ?

10.

The door is open : up they run :
 Nor Prayers , nor threats divert their speed :
 Thieves ! Thieves ! cries Susan ; we're undone ;
 They'll kill my mistress in her bed.

11.

In bed indeed the Nymph had been
 Three hours : for all Historians say ,
 She commonly went up at ten ,
 Unless Piquet was in the way .

12.

She wak'd , be sure , with strange surprize ,
 O Cupid is this right or law ,
 Thus to disturb the brightest eyes ,
 That ever slept , or ever saw ?

13.

Have you observ'd a fitting hare ,
 List'ning , and fearful of the storm ,
 Of horns and hounds , clap back her ear ,
 Afraid to keep , or leave her Form ?

14.

Or have you mark'd a partridge quake,
 Viewing the tow'ring faulcon nigh?
 She cuddles low behind the brake:
 Nor wou'd she stay: nor dares she fly.

15.

Then have you seen the beauteous maid;
 When gazing on her midnight foes,
 She turn'd each way her frightened head,
 Then sunk it deep beneath the Cloaths.

16.

Venus this while was in the Chamber
Incognito: for *Susan* said,
 It smelt so strong of Myrrh and Amber —
 And *Susan* is no lying maid.

17.

But since we have no present need
 Of *Venus* for an Episode:
 With *Cupid* let us e'en proceed;
 And thus to *Cloe* spoke the god:

18.

Hold up your head: hold up your hand
 Wou'd it were not my lot to shew ye
 This cruel writ, wherein you stand
 Indicted by the Name of Cloe;

19.

For by that secret malice stirr'd ,
 On by an emulous pride invited ,
 You have purloin'd the fav'rite bird ,
 In which my mother most delighted .

20.

Her blushing face the lovely maid
 Rais'd just above the milk - white sheet ,
 A Rose - Tree in a Lilly bed ,
 Nor glows so red , nor breathes so sweet .

21.

Are you not He whom Virgins fear ,
 And widows court ? is not your Name
 Cupid ? if so , pray come not near —
 Fair maiden , I'm the very same .

22.

Then what have I , good Sir , to say ,
 Or do with her , you call your mother ?
 If I should meet her in my way ,
 We hardly court'sy to each other .

23.

Diana chaste , and Hebe sweet .
 Witness that what I speak is true :
 I wou'd not give my Parroquet
 Fer all the Doves that ever flew .

24.

Yet, to compose this midnight Noise,
 Go freely search where - e'er you please:
 (The rage that rais'd, adorn'd her voice)
 Upon yon toilet lie my keys.

25.

Her keys he takes; her doors unlocks;
 Thro' wardrobe, and thro' closet bounces;
 Peeps into ev'ry chest and Box;
 Turns all her furbeloes and flounces.

26.

But Dove, depend on't, finds he none;
 So to the bed returns again:
 And now the maiden, bolder grown,
 Begins to treat him with Disdain.

27.

I marvel much, she smiling faid,
 Your Poultry cannot yet be found:
 Lies he in yonder slipper dead;
 Or may be, in the Tea - pot drown'd?

28.

No, traitor, angry love replies,
 He's hid somewhere about your breast;
 A place, nor God, nor Man denies,
 For Venus' Dove the proper nest.

29.

Search then, she said, put in your hand,

And Cynthia, dear protectress, guard me:

As guilty I, or free may stand,

Do thou, or punish, or reward me.

30.

But ah! what maid to love can trust;

He scorns, and breaks all legal power:

Into her breast his hand he thrust;

And in a moment forc'd it lower,

31.

O, whither do those fingers rove,

Cries Cloe, treacherous Urchin, whither?

O Venus! I shall find thy Dore,

Says he; for sure I touch his feather.

Prior.

A Ballad.

'T was, when the seas were roaring

With hollow blasts of wind,

A damsel lay deplored

All on a rock reclin'd.

Wide o'er the roaring billows

She cast a wishful look;

Her head was crown'd with willows,
That tremble o'er the brook.
Twelve months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious days :
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas.
Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest :
Ah ! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast ?
The merchant robb'd of treasure,
Views tempests in despair ;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear !
Shou'd you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and di'monds grow :
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none, that loves you so.
How can they say, that nature
Hath nothing made in vain ?
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain.
No eyes these rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck a wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying

Thus wail'd she for her dear;

Repay'd each blast with sighing,

Each billow with a tear:

When, o'er the white waves stooping,

His floating corps she spy'd;

Then, like a lilly drooping,

She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

Gay. ()*

To a Lady retiring into a Monastery.

What breast but yours can hold the double fire
Of fierce devotion, and of fond desire?
Love would shine forth, were not your zeal so bright,
Whose glaring flames eclipse his gentler light:
Less seems the faith that mountains can remove,
Than this which triumphs over youth and love.
But shall some threat'ning priest divide us two?
What worse than that could all his curses do?
Thus with a fright some have resign'd their breath,
And poorly dy'd only for fear of death.
Heav'n sees our passions with indulgence still,
And they who love well, can do nothing ill.

(*) What d'ye call it. *Act. II. Sc. 8.*

While to us nothing but ourselves is dear,
Should the world frown, yet what have we to fear?
Fame, wealth, and pow'r, those high-priz'd gifts of
fate,

The low concerns of a less happy state,
Are far beneath us: fortune's self may take
Her aim at us, yet no impression make;
Let worldlings ask her help, or fear her harms;
We can lie safe, lock'd in each other's arms,
Like the blest saints, eternal raptures know:
And slight those storms that vainly rest below.
Yet this, all this you are resolv'd to quit;
I see my ruin, and I must submit:
But think, o think, before you prove unkind,
How lost a wretch you leave forlorn behind.
Malignant envy, mix'd with hate and fear,
Revenge for wrongs too burdensome to bear,
Ev'n zeal itself, from whence all mischiefs spring,
Have never done so barbarous a thing.
With such a fate the heav'ns decreed to vex
Armida once, tho' of the fairer sex;
Rinaldo she had charm'd with so much art,
Her's was his pow'r, his person, and his heart:
Honour's high thoughts no more his mind could move;
She sooth'd his rage, and turn'd it all to love:
When strait a gust of fierce devotion blows,

And in a moment all her joys o'erthrows :
 The poor *Armida* tears her golden hair,
 Matchless till now, for love, or for despair.
 Who is not mov'd while the sad nymph complaies ?
 Yet you now act what *Tasso* only feigns ;
 And after all our vows, our sighs, our tears,
 My banish'd sorrows, and your conquer'd fears ;
 So many doubts, so many dangers past,
 Visions of zeal must vanquish me at last.
 Thus, in great *Homer's* war, throughout the field
 Some hero still made all things mortal yield ;
 But when a God once took the vanquish'd fide,
 The weak prevail'd, and the victorious dy'd.

Sheffield Duke of Buckingham.

E l e g y

To the Memory of an unfortunate Lady. (*)

What beck'ning ghost, along the moon-light shade,
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade !
 'Tis she ! - - - but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,

(*) See the *Duke of Buckingham's* verses to a
 Lady designing to retire into a Monastery ; she
 seems to be the same person whose unfortunate
 Death is the subject of this Poem.

Why dimly gleams the visionary sword ?
Oh ever beauteous , ever friendly ! tell ,
Is it , in heav'n , a crime to love too well ?
To bear too tender , or too firm a heart ,
To act a lover's , or a Roman's part ?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky ,
For those who greatly think , or bravely die ?
Why bade ye else , ye pow'r's ! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire ?
Ambition first sprung from your bless'd abodes ;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods .
Thence to their images on earth it flows
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows .
Most souls , 'tis true , but peep out once an age ,
Dull fullen pris'ners in the body's cage :
Dim lights of life , that burn a length of years ,
Useless , unseen , as lamps in sepulchres ;
Like eastern kings , a lazy state they keep ,
And close confin'd to their own palace sleep .
From these perhaps , (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky ;
As into air the purer spirits flow ;
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below ;
So flew the soul to its congenial place ,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race ,
But thou , false guardian of a charge too good ,

'Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood !
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath ,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death ;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before ,
And those love - darting eyes must roll no more ,
Thus , if eternal justice rules the ball ,
Thus shall your wives , and thus your children fall :
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits ,
And frequent herses shall besiege your gates .
There passengers shall stand and pointing say
(While the long fun'als blacken all the way,)
Lo these were they , whose souls the Furies steel'd ,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield ,
Thus unlamented pass the proud away ,
The gaze of fools , and pageant of a day !
So perish all , whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good , or melt at others woe .
What can atone (oh ever injur'd shade !)
Thy fate unpity'd , and thy rites unpaid ?
No friend's complaint , no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost , or grac'd thy mournful bier ;
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd ,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd ,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd ,
By strangers honour'd , and by strangers mourn'd !
What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear ,

Grieve for an hour, perhaps then mourn a year
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What tho' no weeping loves thy ashes grace
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'r's be drest
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.
So peaceful rests without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
"This all thou art, and all the proud shall be!"
Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue;
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart
Life's idle busines at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

Pope.

A L y r i c.

In Imitation of Cornelius Gallus.

My goddess *Lydia*, heav'nly fair!
As Lillies sweet, as soft as air;
Let loose thy Treasures, spread thy Charms,
And to my love give fresh alarms.

O let me gaze on those bright eyes,
Tho' sacred light'ning from them flies:
Show me that soft, that modest grace,
Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me *Ambrofia* in a kiss,
That I may rival *Jove* in Bliss;
That I may mix my soul with thine,
And make the pleasure all divine.

O hide thy Bosom's killing white,
(The milky way is not so bright)
Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress
With beauty's Pomp, and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood
Of my kind heart the vital blood?
Thou art all over endless charms;
O take me, dying, to thy Arms.

Earl of Rochester.

On May Morning.

Now the bright morningstar, day's harbinger,ⁱ⁾
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire;
Words and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

Milton.

Sympathetic Bliss.

When balmy Zephyr's gentle breeze
Proclaim'd the welcome spring,
When blooming verdure cloath'd the trees,
And birds began to sing.
Charm'd with the scene, in mute surprise
The young Pastora stray'd,
Till tender looks and broken sighs
The feeling breast display'd.

ⁱ⁾ *Forerunner,*

„ Hail! hail, she cry'd, ye blissful pow'r's
Of sympathetic joy!
'Tis yours, to fill the fleeting hours
With sweets, that ne'er can cloy.
In this retreat with you I'll dwell,
Remote from mortal care,
Content shall guard the humble cell
And health the feast prepare.
Oft as the happy rural throng,
With frolic freedom gay,
To mirth devote the artless song,
I'll join the sprightly lay.
When pale distress, with fault'ring voice,
Demands the friendly tear,
In blissful pity's native guise.
Her drooping heart I'll cheer.
Nor shall my breast defy the flame,
That speaks the power of love,
For oft with Damon's favourite name
I'll charm the list'ning grove.
The ceas'd the strain - swift from the shade
The happy Damon flew,
With eager arms he press'd the maid
So gentle, kind and true.
To quell the rage of love's alarms
He slyly snatch'd a kiss —

She blush'd and own'd she felt the charms
Of sympathetic bliss.

By the Author of the *Cave of Moral.*
Miscellaneous and fugitive pieces (Lond. 1774.)
Vol. III. p. 276.

The Epicure.

Fill the bowl with rosy wine,
Around our temples roses twine,
And let us cheerfully a while,
Like the wine and roses, smile.
Crown'd with roses, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To - day is ours; what do we fear?
To - day is ours; we have it here.
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs to - morrow.

Cowley.

The Vicar and Moses.

There was once, it was said,

But 'tis out of my head,

And more so, yet true is my tale,

That a round - belly'd Vicar,

Bepimpled with liquor,

Could stick to no text like good ale.

He one night went to dose;

For, under the rose,

The parson was then not se ipse:

Not se ipse, d'ye say,

What's that to the lay?

In plain english, the parson was tipsy.

The clerk he came in

With a band - bobbing chin,

As solemn, and stupid, as may be;

The Vicar he gap'd,

The Clerk humm'd, and scrap'd,

Saying: please, Sir, to bury a baby.

Now our Author supposes,

The Clerk's name was Moses,

He look'd as his master so roty,

Who wink'd with one eye,

With his wig all awry,

And hickupt out: how is it, Moses?

A Child, Sir, as carry'd,
 By you to be bury'd:
 Bury me, Moses; no that won't do.
 Lord, Sir, says the clerk,
 You're quite in the dark,
 'Tis a child to be bury'd, not you.
 Well, prythee, don't hurry,
 The infant I'll bury.
 But, dear Sir, the corps cannot stay,
 Well, can't it? but why?
 For once we will try,
 If a corpse, Moses, can run away.
 Moses warmly reply'd,
 Sir, the parish will chide,
 For keeping them out in cold weather.
 Then, Moses, quoth he,
 Go, and tell 'em from me,
 I'll bury them warm all together,
 But, Sir, it rains hard,
 Pray, have some regard —
 Regard — Moses, that makes me stay;
 For no corps, young or old,
 In the rain can catch cold,
 But, faith, Moses, you and I may.
 Moses begg'd, he'd be gone,
 Saying, Sir, the rain's done;

Arise , and I'll lend you my hand.

"Tis hard , quoth the vicar ,

To leave thus my liquor ,

And go , when I'm sure , I can't stand.

At length , though so troubled ,

To the churchyard he hobbled ,

Lamenting the length of the way.

O Moses , said he ,

Were I bishop , d'ye see ,

I need neither walk , preach , or pray.

Then he open'd the book ,

As if in it he'd look ,

But o'er the page only he squinted ;

Crying , Moses , I'm vext ,

For I can't find the text :

The book is so cursedly printed.

Good people , let's pray ,

For life's but a day ,

Nay , sometimes 'tis over at noon,

Man is but a flower ,

Cut down in an hour ,

"Tis ale , Moses , doth it so soon.

Come , let us go forth ,

Put the Child in the earth ,

Dust to dust , sexton ! dust it away !

For, Moses, I trust,
We all should be dust,
If we were not to moisten our clay.

So one pot, and then

The Clerk said: Amen!

And thus far we have carry'd the farce on:

"Tis the vice of the times,

To relish those rhymes,

Where the ridicule runs on a parson.

But true humour detests

Immorality's jests,

Each profane, each immodest expression;

So a truce with our jokes,

We drink the good folks,

The good folks of ev'ry profession.

Ge. Al. Stevens.

The fairy Queen.

Come, follow, follow mee,

Ye, fairye elves that be;

Come, follow mab your queene,

And trip it o'er the greene:

Hand in hand, we'll dance around,

Because this place is fairye ground.

When mortals are at rest,
 And snoring in the nest;
 Unheard, and un - espy'd,
 Through key - holes we do glide;
 Over tables, stooles and shelves,
 We trip it up with our faireye elves.

And, if the house be foul
 With platter, dish, or bowl,
 Up staires we nimblly creep,
 And find the fluts asleep:
 Then we pinch their armes and thighes;
 None us heares, nor none us spies.
 But if the house be swept,
 And from uncleanness kept,
 We praise the houshold maid,
 And duely she is paid:
 Every night, before we goe,
 We drop a tester in her shooe.
 Then o'er a mushroom's head
 Our table - cloth we spread;
 A grain of rye, or wheat,
 The diet that we eat;
 Pearly drops of dew we drink
 In acorn cups fill'd to the brink,
 The braines of nightingales,
 With unctuous fat of snailes,

Between two cockles stew'd,
 Is meat, that's easily chew'd;
 Braines of wormes, and marrow of mice
 Do make a dish, that's woundrous nice.

The grashopper, gnat, and fly,
 Serve for our ministrelsy,
 Grace said, we dance awhile,
 And so the time beguile:
 And if the moon doth hide her head,
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed,
 O'er tops of dewy grass
 So nimblly we do pass,
 The young and tender stalk
 Ne'er bends, when we do walk:
 Yet in the morning May be seen
 Where we the night before have been. (*)

(*) We have here a short display of the popular belief concerning Fairies. It will afford entertainment to a contemplative mind, to trace these whimsical opinions up to their origin. Whoever considers, how early, how extensively, and how uniformly they have prevailed in these nations, will not readily assent to the hypothesis of those, who fetch them from the east so late as the time of the Croisades. Whereas it is well

The Chronicle, A Ballad.

Margarita first possess'd,
If I remember well, my breast,

Margarita first of all;
But, when awhile the wanton maid

With my restless heart had play'd,

Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine.

Beauteous Catharine gave place,
(Though loth and angry she to part

With the possession of my heart)

To Eliza's conquering face.
Eliza till this hour might reign,

Had she not evil counsels ta'en:

Fundamental laws she broke,

well known, that our saxon ancestors, long before they left their german forests, believed the existence of a kind of diminutive demons, or middle species between men and spirits, whom they called Duergar or Dwarfs, and to whom they attributed many wonderful performances.

far exceeding human art. Rel. of Anc. Poet. I.

260. Warton's Observ. on the fairy Queen I. 64.

And still new favourites she chose,

Till up in arms my passions rose,

And cast away the yoke,

Mary then and gentle Anne

Both to reign at once began;

Alternately they sway'd :

And sometimes Mary was the fair,

And sometimes Ann the crown did wear,

And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,

And did rigorous laws impose :

A mighty tyrant, she!

Long, alas, should I have been

Under that iron-scepter'd queen,

Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,

'Twas then a golden time with me,

But soon those pleasures fled :

For the gracious princess dy'd

In her youth and beauty's pride,

And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour

Judith held the sovereign power :

Wond'rous beautiful her face,

But so weak and small her wit,

That she to govern was unfit.

And so Susanna took her place.

But, when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,

And th' artillery of her eye;
Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,

She beat ou Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid,

To whom ensu'd a vacancy.
Thousand worse passions the possess'd
The interregnum of my breast:

Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta than (*),
And a third Mary next began;

Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria,
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Katharine,

And then a long et cetera.

But should I now you relate
Their strength and riches of their state,

(*) So spelt (as many other words in Cowley's poems are) for the sake of the rhyme. He had learnt this art, or licence rather, from Spenser, who practised it very frequently.

The powder, patches and the pins,
 The ribbands, jewels and the rings,
 The lace, the paint and warlike things,

That make up all their magazines:

If I should tell the politic arts

To take and keep mens hearts;

The letters, embassies, and spyes,
 The frowns, the smiles and flatteries,
 The quarrels, tears and perjuries,

Numberless, nameless mysteries!

And all the little lime-twigs laid

By Machiavel, the waiting-maid;

I more voluminous shou'd grow,
 (Chiefly, if I, like them, should tell
 Of Change of weathers, that befell)

Than Holinshead or How.

But I will briefer with them be,

Since few of them were long with me.

An higher and a nobler strain
 Thy present emperess doth claim,
 Heleonora, first o'th' name;

Whom God grant long to reign.

A. Cowley.

Cupid and Campaspe.

Cupid and my Campaspe playd
 At cards for kisses ; Cupid payd ;
 He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
 His mother's doves, and team of sparrows,
 Loses them too ; then down he throws
 The coral of his lippe, the rose
 Growing on's cheek, (but none knows how)
 With these the crystal of his browe,
 And then the dimple of his chinne ;
 All these did my Campaspe winne.
 At last he set her both his eyes,
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.

O love ! has she done this to thee,
 What shall, alas ! become of me?

Wold to John Lylie (*)

(*) A celebrated writer in the time of Queen Elizabeth. This elegant little sonnet is found in the third act of his play Alexander and Campaspe, first printed in 1591. Reliques of anc. poetry III. 68. The play, but without the sonnet, is reprinted in Dodsley's Collection of old plays To. II. 61 — 114.

Unfading Beauty.

Hee that loves a rosie cheeke,
 Or a corall lip admires,
 Or from starlike eyes doth seeke
 Fuell, to maintaine his fires;
 As old time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.
 But a smooth and stedfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combin'd
 Kindle never-dying fires:
 Wherè these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

Thom. Carew. ()*

(*) This elegant and almost forgotten writer,
 whose poems deserve to be revived, died in the
 prime of his age, in 1639. S. Reliques of anc.
 engl. poëtry. I. 298. Poems, songs and sonnets,
 together with a mask, by Thom. Carew, Esq.
 Gentleman of the privy chamber, and Sewer in
 ordinary to Charles I. Lond. 1772. 12. The
 first edition is of 1640. In Carew's Poems it is

Why so pale.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?

Prithee, why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail?

Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young finner?

Prithee, why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing do't?

Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,

This will not take her.

under the title Disdain returned p. 24. with the
this finishing strophe:

No tears, Celia, now shall win

My resolv'd heart to return

I have search'd thy soul within,

And find nought but pride and scorn;

I have learn'd thy arts, and now

Can disdain as much as thou,

Some pow'r, in my revenge, convey

That love to her I cast away.

If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her,
The devil take her!

Sir John Suckling. (*)

Sweet Neglect.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdred, still perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art;
They strike mine eye, but not my heart.

Ben Jonson. (**)

(*) Introduc'd in his Comedy *Aglaura*. S. Works of Sir J. Suckling, containing his poems, letters and plays. (Lond. 1770. 2 volls. 12.) Vol. II. 224.
Suckling was born 1612, and died in 1641.

(**) Silent woman. A. l. sc. 2. Pet. Whalley's edition To. II. 420. It is an imitation from latin:

The Dream.

Ready to throw me at the feet
 Of that fair nymph whom I adore,
 Impatient those delights to meet,
 Which I enjoy'd the night before;
 By her wonted scornful brow,
 Soon the fond mistake I find;
 Ixion mourn'd his error so,
 When Juno's form the cloud resign'd.
 Sleep, to make its charms more priz'd
 Than waking joys, which most prevail,
 Had cunningly itself disguis'd
 In a shape that could not fail.
 There my Celia's snowy arms,
 Breasts, and other parts more dear,
 Exposing new and unknown charms,
 To my transported soul appear.
 Then you so much kindness show,
 My despair deluded flies;
 And indulgent dreams bestow
 What your cruelty denies.

semper munditas, semper, Basilia, decores
 Burmanni Anthol. lat. Vol. I.

Blush not that your image love
 Naked to my fancy brought ;
 'Tis hard , methinks , to disapprove
 The joys I feel without your fault.
 Wonder not a fancy'd bliss
 Can such griefs as mine remove ;
 That honour as fantastick is ,
 Which makes you slight such constant love .
 The virtue which you value so ,
 Is but a fancy frail and vain ;
 Nothing is solid here below ,
 Except my love , and your disdain.

Sheffield Duke of Buckingham.

You meaner beauties.

You meaner beautyes of the night ,
 which poorely satisfy our eyes ,
 More by your number then your light ,
 Like common people of the skyes ;
 What are yee , when the moon doth rise ?
 Yee violets , that first appeare ,
 By your purple mantles known ,
 Like proud virgins of the yeare ,
 As if the spring were all your owne ;
 What are yee , when the rose is blown ?

Yee wandring chaunters of the wood,
 That fill the ayre with natures layes,
 Thinking your passions understood
 By weak accents : what is your praise,
 Wehn Philomel her voyce shall raise ?
 So when my mistris shall be seen
 In sweetnesse of her looks and minde ;
 By vertue first , then choyce a queen ;
 Tell mee if shee was not designde
 The ecclips and glory of her kinde ?

The author and date of this little sonnet are un-
 known. S. Reliques of anc. engl. poetry Vol. I. p. 281.

Sir Harry Wotton
 The Violet should have come
 First - then the Bird, &
 the Star
 last of all

D a m o n.

Damon, if you will believe me ,
 'Tis not fighting on the plain ,
 Song , nor sonnet can relieve ye ;
 Fain attempts in love are vain .
 Urge but home the fair occasion ,
 And be master of the field ;
 To a powerful kind invasion
 'Twere a madness not to yield .
 Love gives out a large commission ,
 Still indulgent to the brave .

But one sin of base omission
 Never woman yet forgave.
 'Tho' she vows, she'll ne'er permit ye,
 Cries, you're rude and much to blame,
 And with tears implores your pity;
 Be not merciful for shame.
 When the fierce assault is over,
 Chloris time enough will find
 This her cruel furious lover
 Much more gentle, not so kind.

*Sir Charles Sedley. *)*

*) From the mob of gentlemen, who write with ease in the days of *Charles II*. I would have you distinguish *Sir Charles Sedley*. He had a good deal of wit, some genius, and a tolerable ear. Sir Charles indeed wrote with ease as well as his contemporaries, but not with that kind of silly unsentimental ease, for which their poetry was deservedly censured. He studied human nature, and was distinguished for the art of making himself agreeable, particularly to the ladies; for those verses of *Rochester*, so often quoted, allude not to his writings, but to his personal address. S. *Lang-horne's effusions*. To. 11. lett. 22.

Sedley had that prevailing gentle art,

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That can with a resistless charm impart
The loosest wishes to the chaste heart,
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire
Betwixt declining virtue and desire,
That the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.

Rochester.

Sir Ch. Sedley's Works. 2. vols. 1719..

Ode in the Rebellion in the Year

MDCCXLV.

Do thou, fair liberty descend
To tune my harpe, and guide my hand,
Thy sacred sister with thee bring,
She too shall aid me, as I sing,
And every Briton's breast engage
With well becoming zeal, and kindle honest rage.

Daughter of royal Brunswick's line
Great Anna, more than half divine,
Thou too, the happy theme inspire,
So shall I stricke the golden lyre
With manly force, and raise my voice
Above a common strain, if thou approv'st my choice.

Brittania hail ! hail happy isle,
 Where joys inhabit, pleasures smile ;
 Great nurse of heroes, seat of charms,
 Supreme in arts, and first in arms,
 Queen of the seas, and distant trade,
 Arise majestic nymph, and shew thy awful head.

Ambitious Cæsar saw thee fair
 (What will not proud ambition dare !)
 And strait he courts thee as his own,
 Fond to possess thy splendid throne.
 Albion submits, tho' not to chains,
 But ever uncontrold th'imperial virgin reigns.

The royal eagle shrunk his head
 Before th' invited Saxons fled ;
 Aspiring nations shook her state
 (Dread consequence of being great)
 Wild Heptarchy began her reign ,
 Till overaw'd she yields her sceptre to the Dane.

Awhile in ignorance she lay,
 The pagan worlds obscur'd her day :
 'The Goths, a wild barbarian train ,
 And savage Vandals, sweep her plain :

Soon of herself thro' clouds she shone,
And brighten'd once again a strong meridian Sun.

The royal Alfred , greatly born ,
Britain to govern , and adorn ,
His kingdom's honour , subject's good ,
This well preserv'd , that understood ,
Courted Astrea to his throne
Oppression funk disarm'd , no more his people groan;

The happy Prince nor rested here ;
His ships to different regions steer ,
And in Britania's lap unlade
The sweet reward of gainful trade ;
For distant India's burning shore
Beheld his floating strength , and wonder'd at his power.

Commerce advance ! by heaven design'd
To polish , and enrich mankind ;
Old Maja's daughter , Albion's care ,
Advance , and breathe thy native air !
Here dwell , and fix thy sweet resort ,
Nations shall hither flock , to pay their eager court.

Thou gavest to hidden knowledge birth ;
By thee , the limits of the earth

Greatly enlarg'd, show'd worlds unknown,
 The frigid, and the torrid zone
 Guided and influenc'd by thee
 We first were taught to learn divine Astronomy.

To thee her silk rich Persia brings,
 The proud magnificence of kings,
 Arabia's spice and Indian's mine
 Peru's vast golden womb is thine :
 Behold the costly pillars rise ;
 And swell thy lofty seats, and temples to the skies.

Seated along th' Aonian spring,
 No more the vocal Sisters sing,
 Oxford, the seat of learning now,
 Crowns with her bay Apollo's brow ;
 Again refreshing Science streams,
 Pœonian Phœbus hence, sends forth his warmer beams.

Next Cambridge rear'd her awful head,
 Whence Arts from Danish arms had fled,
 Virgil and Homer here retir'd,
 And pleas'd her studious sons inspir'd
 Philosophy shone heavenly bright,
 The thickening clouds dispers'd, and all was won-
 dreus light.

Favour'd of God, here Newton saw.
 Errors obscuring Nature's law;
 He saw, and clear'd the gloomy way,
 And shew'd mankind eternal day
 He shew'd, and worlds beheld with joy,
 Labours which distant time nor envy shall destroy.

Innately bright the diamond shines,
 Tho' deep conceal'd in Indian mines;
 The lapidary's nicer art
 Luxuriant flames on every part;
 Till then, false jewels we admire
 Behold their tinsel blaze, and artificial fire.

Priests thus with shew enslav'd mind,
 To shew, human eye inclin'd;
 To papal power our princes bend,
 Nor see the errors they defend,
 While monkish artifices long
 Dazzled implicit worlds, and led a bigot throng.

Religion trembled at their crimes,
 But pleas'd, foresaw succeeding times;
 Succeeding times when she alone
 Shou'd govern Britain's royal throne;

With undisturb'd and downy rest
Baffled she sons of Rome, but all her children blest.

Edward the happy theme began,
A glorious, and immortal plan!
Skies azure-opening greet his day,
The Reformation points the way;
By Reason and by Virtue led,
Behold her beauteous form, and mark her solemn tread!

Not so imperious Mary sways,
Blind zeal again obscur'd her blaze.
Disgrac'd, Religion mournful stood,
While Persecution smil'd in blood:
Heaven saw, enrag'd, the horrid deed,
Shorten'd her tyrant reign, no more her subjects bleed.

Eliza shone serenely bright,
And on her throne reflected light;
Her royal brother's will maintain'd;
For this, the virgin princess reign'd
Reign'd most supremely wise and great,
And neighb'ring realms preserv'd, and say'd her sin-
king state.

When Spanish fleets her coasts alarm,
Eliza rais'd her mighty arm,

Her people's darling, she secure,
 Smiling (of easy conquest sure)
 Quell'd like a Jove their giant rage,
 Her thunders burst aloud, nor dare the foe engage.

As when the sun darts forth his beams,
 Whence trembling light resplendent streams,
 And kindly gladdens for a while
 Alike adorns, and aids our toil,
 A sudden cloud o'er spreads his rays,
 Destroys our flattering hopes, and dimes our golden days.

So when eclips'd Eliza's reign
 And heaven recall'd the Saint again,
 Too happy to be long admir'd,
 With her our short-liv'd bliss retir'd:
 Darkness returns, the light despairs
 To shine on a foul series of inglorious reigns.

Thou awful shade of Pope, inspire,
 And give expression to my lyre,
 Lend harmony to every line,
 And teach my verse to flow like thine!
 Maria's wonderous charms I'd sing,
 Wouldst thou, lov'd poet, dictate to the silver string.

Her William saw Britania's grief,
 And swift he flew to her relief,
 With noble resolution draws
 The sword vindictive in her cause;
 The glorious cause demands his sword,
 Religion once again, and Liberty restor'd.

With horror he beheld the state
 Oppress'd beneath the papal weight;
 He kindled not war's fiercer flame,
 But like a guardian angel came
 (Britania's best and surest friend)
 To save the fading honours of a groaning land.

The grand event, the bold design,
 Th' immortal task, Nassau, was thine;
 The british lion, rous'd by thee,
 First brok his chain, and dar'd be free;
 The royal line of great Nassau
 Was sent mankind by heaven to keep the world in awe.

The dark horizon clair'd again
 And shone propitious on his reign;
 Fair Liberty assum'd his seat,
 And crush'd Oppression at her feet;

Religion triumph'd, Albion smiles,
Once more the first of states, again the queen of isles.

Inspir'd by heaven, the wise Nassau
Her rising greatness well foresaw
Rising from royal Brunswik's care,
Brunswik by senates mark'd his heir;
Britons rejoicing shout applause,
By him secour'd our faith, our property, or laws.

But first our powerful realms obey,
Illustrious Anne, thy easy sway.
Chek'd by thy power, insulting Gaul
Beheld with grief his legions fall,
They fell, for Marlbro' drew the sword,
Preeminent in arms, victorious, and ador'd.

Gallia beholds with treacherous eyes
Sophia's high-born offspring rise
To glory, empire, and renown,
Deck'd with Britania's glittering crown:
Again she dar'd the isle engage,
And stir intestine war, and raise seditious rage.

The rancorous hate of France invain
Threatens Mayortians Brunswick's reign;

Guardian of Liberty and Peace,
He bids rebellious Discorde cease;
The injur'd Monarch soon forgives,
And by his nod, again th' offending rebel lives.

With distant conquests he extends,
The throne his royal son ascends;
Imperial dignity and grace
Serenely smile upon his face:
Brunswick to martial honnour bred,
Governs, by virtue counsell'd and by glory led.

Trade, arts, and sciences flourish here,
And bless each fair revolving year;
Gay-smiling Plenty reigns around,
And golden harvests load the ground,
So Liberty and George and Britons should be crown'd.

While Brunswick Europe's right maintains,
And fights her cause on Flandria's plains,
Proud Gallia, treacherously brave,
Calls coward Treason from her cave,
Thou' Agincourt, and Blenheim tell,
How all her valour sunk, and boasting heroes fell.

Fam'd Dettingen still reeks with blood,
 Where likke a God great Brunswick stood ;
 Triumphant Fame on silken wing,
 Rode smiling on before the king ;
 Lické Mars he shook the pointed spear,
 The Gauls retreat and all their battle shrunk with fear.

Tremendous Death and Horror stride
 Close by intrepid William's side :
 William, he bled, and soldiers griev'd ;
 „ Revenge (they cry) the wound reciev'd „
 Bright Venus mourn'd her favourite care ,
 And quick she bid her nymphs the healing dugs prepare.

The Cyprian Goddess stood confest ,
 As when Ænea's wound she drest :
 Her weeping nymphs around her wait ,
 Impatient for the prince's fate ;
 With healing herbs , and balmy sweets ,
 The Dionæan queen the cannons rage defeats

Who are these base, these dastard foes ,
 That dare their country's laws oppose !
 Their lives and fortunes not their own ,
 But given in mercy from the throne :

Do they, ungrateful men, presume
To act the scheme of France, or play the part of Rome?

Discord and Horror stalk along,
With pale Rebellion in the throng;
Bellona stains the purple field,
And Mars display'd his brazen shield;
William his brother-god appears,
To curb the traitorous war and ease Britania's fears.

He comes, the hero comes, and strait
Conscious Rebellion knows her fate;
His troops, with manly rage inspir'd,
Rush on, by his example fir'd;
His name strikes terror to the foe,
Precipitate they fly, nor wait th' impending blow,

Brave Auske and Hawley strive in vain
To animate the embattled plain;
Train'd up in arms, the warriors fly.
From rank to rank, resolv'd to die,
Or conquer, in their country's cause:
But heaven to Cumberland decrees the crown'd applause.

Hence worthless slaves, and wear the chain
Of Panick France, and haughty Spain;

Blinded by Rome, your ruin court,
 And be your very master's sport;
 Like Cain roam, of blist bereft,
 No clime, no country yours, no friendly shelter left.

Shall Gauls insult the wide domain,
 When Neptune views them with disdain?
 Shall they with dark invasive schemes
 (The mere result of idle dreams).
 Threaten Britania's guarded shore,
 Nor dread the angry god, nor fear his cannon's roar?

Proud boasters hence, and learn to know,
 Our Albion dreads no foreign foe;
 Her fleets but ask propitious gales,
 But ask, and Conquest swells her sails;
 France strikes the flag, our colours near,
 Whitens her golden flowers and shrinks with coward fear.

Britons, united by their laws,
 Can never swerve from Freedom's cause;
 Blest in great George, we guard his reign,
 And Gallic insolence disdain!
 Well may we guard th' imperial throne,
 Which every Briton's voice, and Virtue made his own.

Calm as a god, behold him there,
 Express his soft paternal care;
 Mercy sits mourning on his face,
 To see severer Law take place;
 And whilst rebellious subjects die,
 Sighs swell his royal breast, and tears his pitying eye.

Such Brunswick is who rules our land!
 Such is the monarch we defend!
 Blessing and bless'd! (a mutual good,
 By Britons only understood)
 Late may he England's scepter wield,
 Protect our laws at home, and guard us in the field:

A long illustrious race of kings
 From Frederick and Augusta springs;
 This Brunswick views with joyous eye,
 And knows in them he ne'er shall die;
 He sees his royal offspring smile,
 The grace of future worlds, and honour of their isle.

Robert Schomberg.

Prayer for Indifference.

Oft I've implor'd the Gods in vain,
 And pray'd till I've been weary:

For once I'll seek my wish to gain
 Of Oberon the fairy.
 Sweet airy being, wanton spright,
 Who liv'st iu woods unseen,
 And oft by Cynthia's filver light
 Trip'st gayly o'er the green ;
 If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd ,
 As ancient stories tell ,
 And for th' athenian maid , who lov'd , (*)
 Thou sought'st a wondrouſ spell ,
 Oh , deign once more t'exert thy pow'r !
 Haply some herb or tree ,
 Sov'reign , as juice from western flow'r ,
 Conceals a balm for me .
 I ask no kind return in love ,
 Nor tempting charm , to please ;
 Far from the heart such gifts remove ,
 That sighs for peace and ease !
 Nor ease , nor peace that heart can know ,
 That , like the needle true ,
 Turns at the touch of joy or woe ;
 But , turning , trembles too .
 Far as distress the soul can wound ,
 "Tis pain in each degree :

(*) S. Shakespear's *Midsummernight's dream.*

'Tis bliss, but to a certain bound —

Beyond — is agony

Then take this treach'rous sense of mine,

Which dooms me still to smart;

Which pleasure can to pain refine,

To pain new pangs impart.

Oh, haste to shed thy sov'reign balm,

My shatter'd nerves new string;

And for my quest, serenely calm,

The nymph Indiff'rence bring!

At her approach, see hope, see fear;

See exspectation fly,

And disappointment in the rear,

That blasts the purpos'd joy!

The tears, which pity taught to flow,

My eyes shall then disown;

The heart, that throbb'd at other's woe,

Shall then scarce feel it's own.

The wounds, which now each moment bleed,

Each moment then shall close;

And tranquil days shall still succeed,

To nights of sweet repose.

Oh! fairy-elf, but grant me this,

This one kind comfort send!

And so may never-fading bliss

Thy flow'ry paths attend!

So may the glow-worms glimm'ring light
 Thy tiny foot-steps lead
 To some new region of delight
 Unknown to mortal tread !
 And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
 With heav'n's ambrosial dew,
 From sweetest, freshest flow'r's distill'd,
 That shed fresh sweets for you !
 And, what of life remains for me,
 I'll pass in sober ease ;
 Half-pleas'd, contented I will be,
 Contend-but half to please.

Mrs Greville.

The Winter's Walk.

Behold, my fair, where'er we rove,
 What dreary prospects round us rise ;
 The naked hills, the leafless grove,
 The hoary ground, the frowning skies !
 Nor only through the wasted plain,
 Stern winter, is thy force confess'd ;
 Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
 I feel thy pow'r usurp my breast.
 Enliv'ning hope and fond desire
 Resign the heart to spleen and care ,

Scarce frighted love maintains her fire
 And rapture saddens to despair,
 In groundless hope and causeless fear,
 Unhappy man! behold thy doom,
 Still changing with the changeful year,
 The slave of sunshine and of gloom.
 Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
 With mental and corporeal strife,
 Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
 And screen me from the ills of life.

Sam. Johnson.

Knotting.

At noon, in a sunshining day,
 The brighter lady of the may,
 Young Chloris innocent and gay,
 Sate knotting in a shade.
 Each slender finger play'd its part
 With such activity and art,
 As wou'd inflame a youthful heart,
 And warm the most decay'd.
 Her fav'rite swain, by Chance, came by,
 He saw no anger in her eye:
 Yet, when the bashful boy drew nigh,
 She wou'd have seem'd afraid.

She let her ivory needle fall,
 And hur'l'd away the twisted ball;
 But straight gave Strephon such a call,
 As wou'd have rais'd the dead.
 Dear, gentle youth, is't none but thee?
 With innocence I dare be free;
 By so much truth and modesty
 No nymph was e'er betray'd.
 Come, lean thy head upon my lap;
 While thy smooth cheek I stroke and clap,
 Thou mayst securely make a nap,
 Which he, poor fool, obey'd.
 She saw him yawn, and hear'd him snore,
 And found him fast asleep all o'er.
 She sigh'd, and could endure no more,
 But starting up, she said:
 Such virtue shall rewarded be!
 For this thy dull fidelity
 I'll trust thee with my flocks, not me,
 Pursue thy grazing trade!
 Go, milk thy goats, and shear thy sheep,
 And watch all night, thy flock to keep;
 Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
 By me mistaken maid!

Earl of Dorset.

The Penitent.

Pain'd with her slighting Jamie's love,
Bell dropt a tear ;
The Gods descended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear,
They heard the praises of the youth]
From her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth,
And thus she sung :
,, Bless'd days, when our ingenuous sex,
More frank and kind,
Did noth their lov'd adorers vex,
But spoke their mind ! , ,
Repenting, now she promis'd fair,
Wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him care,
Or cause to mourn.
Why lov'd I the deserving swain ;
Yet still thought shame,
When he my yielding heart did gain,
To own my flame ?
Why took I pleasure to torment,
And seem too coy ?
Which makes me now, alas ! lament
My slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,
 Own your desire,
 While love's young pow'r with his soft wing
 Fans up the fire!

O do not with a silly pride,

Or low design,

Refuse to be a happy bride,

But answer plain! , ,

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,

With flowing eyes.

Glad Iamie heard her all the time

With sweet surprise,

Some God had led him to the grove

His mind unchang'd,

Flew to her arms, and cry'd: my love,

I am reveng'd!

Allan Ramsay. ()*

S o n g.

Ah the shepherd's mournful fate,

When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,

(*) Poems by Allan Ramsay in II. vols 8. Lond.

1761, vol. I. p. 46.

To bear the scornful fair - one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish!
Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
My secret soul discover;
While rapture trembling thro' mine eyes
Reveals, how much I love her.
The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes.
For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those lanquid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush, and modest air,
So fatally beguiling:
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm, whene'er I view thee;
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes pursue thee,
Then, when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

Wm Hamilton.

A m y n t a.

Go, tell Amynta, gentle swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain;
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy voice will more prevail than mine :
For souls oppress'd and dumb with grief,
The Gods ordain'd this kind relief,
That music should in sounds convey,
What dying lovers dare not say.

A sigh, or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
But love on pity cannot live,
Tell her, that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her, my pains so fast increase,
That soon they will be past redress ;
For ah ! the wretch, that speechless lies,
Attends but death, to close his eyes.

Dryden.

Ode to a young lady, somewhat too
follicitous about her Manner of expressing.

Survey, my fair ! that lucid stream
Adown the smiling valley stray ;

Would art attempt, or fancy dream,
To regulate its winding way?
So pleas'd I view thy shining hair
In loose dishevell'd ringlets flow:
Not all thy art, not all thy care
Can there one single grace bestow.
Survey again that verdant hill,
With native plants enamell'd o'er;
Say, can the painter's utmost skill
Instruct one flow'r to please us more?
As vain it were, with artful dye,
To change the bloom, thy cheeks disclose;
And oh my Laura, ere she try,
With fresh vermillion paint the rose.
Hark, how the wood-lark's tuneful throat
Can ev'ry study'd grace excel;
Let art constrain the rambling note,
And will she, Laura, please so well?
Oh ever keep thy native ease,
By no pedantic law confin'd!
For Laura's voice is form'd to please,
To Laura's words be not unkind.

Shenstone.

A m o r e t.

Fair Amoret is gone astray;

Pursue and seek her, ev'ry lover.

I'll tell the signs, by which you may

The wand'ring shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,

Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected;

Careless she is with artful care,

Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,

Yet change so soon, you'd ne'er suspect 'em,

For she'd persuade they wound by chance,

Tho' certain aim and art direct 'em.

She likes herself, yet others hates,

For that which in herself she prizes;

And, while she laughs at them, forgets

She is the thing, that she despises.

Wm Congreve.

S o n g.

Dear Chloe, what means this disdain,

Which blasts each endeavour please?

Though forty, I'm free from ail pain;

Save love, I'm free from disease.

No graces my mansion have fled,
 No muses have broken my lyre ;
 The loves frolick still round my bed,
 And laughter is chear'd at my fire.
 To none have I ever been cold,
 All beauties in vogue I'm among ;
 I've appetite e'en for the old,
 And spirit enough for the young.
 Believe me, sweet girl, I speak true,
 Or else put thy love to the test ;
 Some others have doubted like you,
 Like them do you bless and be bless'd.

John Gilb. Cooper, Esq.

Gent. Mag. Jun. 1764.

On Mrs Clavering, afterwards Lady
 Cooper, singing.

When we behold her angel face,
 Or when she sings with heav'nly grace,
 In what we hear, or what we see,
 So ravishing's the harmony,
 The melting soul in rapture lost,
 Knows not which charms enchant the most.

Sounds, that made hills and rocks rejoice,
 Amphion's lute, the Siren's voice,
 Wonders with pain receiv'd for true,
 At once find credit and renew ;
 No charms like Clavering's voice surprize,
 Except the magick of her eyes.

Lansdowne. ()*

S o n g.

Long betwixt love and fear Phyllis tormented,
 Shun'd her own wish, yet at last she consented ;
 But loath, that day shou'd her blushes discover,

Come, gentle night, she said,

Come quickly to my aid,

And a poor shamefac'd maid

Hide from her lover.

Now cold as ice I am, now hot as fire,

I dare not tell myself my own desire;

But let day fly away, and let night haste her.

Grant, ye kind pow'rs above,

Slow hours to parting love,

And when to bliss we move

Bid 'em fly faster.

(*) Works of George Granville Lord Lansdowne

p. 140.

Retzer's Choice. Vol. I.

G

How sweet it is to love, when I discover
 That fire, which burns my heart, warming my lover;
 'Tis pity love so true should be mistaken;

But if this night he be
 False or unkind to me,
 Let me die, e'er I see
 That I'm forsaken.

Dryden. (*)

(*) Dryden's Love in a Nunnery. Dram. W. Ill. 315.

On silence in love. (*)

Silence in love betrays more woe,
 Than words, tho' ne'er so witty;
 A beggar, that is dumb, you know,
 Deserves a double pity.

Sir Henry Wotton

(*) Lond. Mag. Oct. 1740.

S o n g.

Then never let me see her more!
 In vain I sigh, in vain adore.
 In some lonely desart place,
 Far from sight of human race,
 In some unfrequented cell,

Where neither joy nor sorrows dwell,
 Oh ! let me endeavour to forget
 At once myself and Amoret.

A. Philips. ()*

(*) *Dryden's Misc. VI. 126.*

The despairing Lover.

Distracted with care ,
 For Phillis the fair ;
 Since nothing cou'd move her ,
 Poor Damon her Lover ,
 Resolves in Despair
 No longer to languish ,
 Nor bear so much Anguish :
 But , made with his Love ,
 To a precipice goes ;
 Where a Leap from above
 Wou'd soon finish his Woes .

When in rage he came there ,
 Beholding how steep
 The sides did appear ,
 And the Bottom how deep ;
 His torments projecting ,
 And sadly reflecting ,
 That a Lover forsaken

A new Love may get ;
 But a neck when once broken ,
 Can never be set :
 And , that he cou'd die
 Whenever he wou'd ;
 But that he cou'd live
 But as long as he cou'd ;
 How grievous soever
 The torment might grow ,
 He scorn'd to endeavour
 To finish it so .
 But bold , unconcern'd
 At thoughts of the pain
 He calmly return'd
 To his cottage again .

Will. Walsh Esq.

E l e g y

Written at the approach of Spring.

Stern Winter hence with all his train removes ;
 And chearfull skies and limpid streams are seen ;
 Thick - sprouting foliage decorates the groves ;
 Reviving herbage robes the fields in green .
 Yet lovelier scenes shall crown th'advancing year ,
 When blooming Spring's full bounty is display'd ;

The smile of beauty every val shall wear ;
The voice of song enliven every shade.

O Fancy, paint not coming days too fair !

Oft for the prospects sprightly May should yield ,
Rain - pouring clouds have darken'd all the air ,
Or snows untimely whiten'd o'er the field :
But should kind spring her wonted bounty shewer
The smile of beauty and the voice of Song ;
If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpower ,
Ev'n vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along .

I shun the scenes where maddening passion raves ,
Where Pride and Folly high dominion hold ,
And unrelenting Avarice drives her slaves
O'er prostrate Virtue in pursuit of gold .

The grassy lane , the wood - surrounded field ,
The rude ston - fence with fragrant wall - flowers gay ,
The clay - built cot , to me more pleasure yield
Than all the pomp imperial domes display ;
And yet ev'n her amid these secret shades ,
These simple scenes of unreprov'd delight ,
Affliction's iron hand my breast invades ,
And Deaths dread dart is ever in my sight .

While genial suns to genial showers succeed ;
(The air all mildness , and the earth hall bloom)

While herds and floks range sportive o'er the mead ,
Crop the sweet herb ; and snuff the rich perfume ;

O whay alone to hapless man deny'd
To taste the bliss inferior beings boast !
O why this fate that fear and pain divide ,
His few short hours on earth's delightful coast ;
Ah cease — no more of Providence complain !
'Tis sense of guilt that wakes the mind to woe ,
Give force to fear , give energy to pain ,
And palls each joy by heaven indulg'd below :
Why else the smiling infant train so blest
Ere dear - bought knowledge the place within ,
Or wild desir inflames the youthful breast ,
Or ill propensity ripens into sin ?
As to the bleating tenants of the field ,
As to the sportive warblers on the trees ,
To them their joys sincere the seasons yield
And all their days , and all their prospects please
Such joys were mine, when from the peopled streets,
Where on Thamesis banks I liv'd immur'd
The new blown fields that breath'd a thousand sweets ,
To Surry's wood crown hills my steps allur'd :
O happy hours , beyond recovery fled !
What share I now ,,, that can your loss repay “
While o'er my mind these glooms of thought are spread ,
And veil the light of life's meridian ray ?
Is there no power this darkness to remove ?
The long - lost joys of Eden to restore ?

Or raise their views to happier seats above,
 Where Fear, and Pain, and Death shall be no more?
 Yes, those there are who know a Saviours love,
 The long - lost joys of Eden can restore,
 And raise their views to happier seats above,
 Where Fear, and Pain, and Death shall be no more:
 These grateful share the gift of Nature's hand;
 And in the varied scenes that round them shine,
 (The Fair, the Rich, the Awful, and the Grand)
 Admire th'amazing workmanship divine.
 Blows not a flow'ret in th' enamel'd vale,
 Shines not a pebble where the rivulet strays;
 Sports not an insect on the spicy gale
 But claims their wonder and excites their praises.
 For them ev'n vernal nature looks more gay,
 Fore them more lively hues the fields adorn;
 To them more fair the fairest smile of day,
 To them more sweet the sweetest breath of morn.
 They feel the bliss that hope and faith supply;
 They pass serene th'appointed hours that bring
 The day that wafts them to the realms on high,
 The day that centers in eternal spring.

John, Scott,

E l c g y

Written in the hot Weather, Julii MDCCCLVII.

Three hours from noon the passing shadows shows,
The sultry breeze glides faintly o'er the plains,
The dazzling æther fierce, and fiercer glows,
And human nature scarce its rage sustains.

Now still and vacant is the dusty street,
And still and vacant where yon fields extend,
Save where those swains, oppress'd with toil and heat,
The grassy harvest of the mead attend.

Loft is the lively aspect of the ground,
Low are the springs, the reedy ditches dry;
No verdant spot in all the vale is found,
Save what yon stream's unfailing stores supply.

Where are the flowers that made the garden gay?
Where is their beauty, where their fragrance fled?
Their stems relax, fast fall their leaves away,
The sad and mingle with their dusty bed:
All but the natives of the torrid zone,
What Afric's wilds, or Peru's fields display,
Pleas'd with a clime that imitates their own,
They lovelier bloom beneath the parching ray.

Where is wild nature's heart renting song,
That fill'd in genial spring the verdant bowers?

Silent in gloomy woods the flather'd throng
 Pine thro' this long, long curse of sultry hours.
 Where is the dream of bliss by summer brought ?
 The walk along the riv'let water'd vale ?
 The field with verdure clad, with fragrance fraught,
 'The sun mild - blaming , and the fanning gale ?
 The weary soul imagination chears ,
 Her pleasing colours paint the futur gay ;
 Time pass on , the truth itself appears ,
 The pleasing colours instant fade away :
 In different seasons different joys we place ,
 And these shall spring supply , and summer these ;
 Yet frequent storms the bloom of spring deface ,
 And summer scarcely brings a day to please.
 O for some secret shady cool recess !
 Some Gothic dome o'erhung with darksome trees ,
 Where thick damp walls this raging heat repress ;
 Where the long isle invites the lazy breeze :
 But why these plaints ? amid his waites of sand ,
 Far more than this the wandering Arab feels ;
 Fare more the Indian in Columbus's land ,
 While Phœbus o'er him rolls his fiery wheels :
 Far more the sensible of mind sustains ,
 Rack'd with the poignant pangs of fear or shame :
 The hopeless lover , bound in beauty's chains ,
 And he , whom envy robs of hard - earn'd fame :

He, who a father or a mother mourns,
Or lovely consort lost in early bloom,
He, whom the dreaded rage of fever burns,
Or slow disease leads lingering to the tomb. —
Lest man should sink beneath the present pain;
Lest man should triumph in the present joy;
For him th' unvarying „ Laws of heaven ordain “
Hope in his ills, and to his bliss alloy.
Fierce and oppressive is the sun we share,
Yet not unuseful to our humid soil;
Hence shall our fruits a richer flavour bear,
Hence shall our plains with riper harvests smile:
Reflect, and be content — for mankind's good
Heaven gives the due degrees of draught or rain;
To-morrow ceaseless showers may swell the flood,
Nor soon yon sun rise blazing fierce again:
Ev'n now behold the gratefull change at hand,
Hark, in the east loud blustering gales arise;
Wide and more wide the darkening clouds expand,
And distant lightnings flash along the skies:
O in the awful concert of the storm,
While hail, and rain, and wind and thunder join;
Let the great Ruler's praise my song inform,
Let wonder, reverence, gratitude be mine.

John Scott.

E l e g y

Written in the Harvest.

Farewel the pleasant violet - scanted shade ;
 The primros'd hill , and daisy - mantled mead ;
 The furrow'd land , with springing corn array'd ;
 The sunny wall , with bloomy branches spread :
 Farewel the bower with blushing roses gay ;
 Farewel the fragrant trefoil - purpled field ;
 Farewel the walk thro'rows of new - mown hay ,
 When evening breezes mingled odours yield !
 Farewel to these — now round the lonely farms ,
 Where jocund plenty deigns to fix her seat ;
 Th'autumnal landscape opening all its charms ,
 Declare kind Nature's annual work compleat .
 In different parts , what different views delight ,
 Where on neat ridges waves the golden grain ;
 Or where the bearded barley dazzling white ,
 Spreads o'er the steepy slope , or wide champain .
 The smile of Morning gleams along the hills ;
 And wakefull labour calls her sons abroad ;
 They leave with chearful looks their lowly vills ,
 And bid the fields resign their ripen'd load .
 To various task address the rustic band ,
 And her the scythe , and her the fickle wield ;

Or rear the new-bound sheaves along the land ;
Or range in heaps the produce of the field.
Some build the shocks, some load the spacious wains,
Some lead the sheltering barns the fragrant corn,
Some form tall ricks that towering o'er the plains ;
For many a mile the rural yards adorn.
The inclosure gates thrown open all around ,
The stubble's peopled by the gleaning throng ,
The rattling car with verdant branches crown'd
And joyful swains that raise the clamorous song.
Soon mark glad harvest o'er — Ye rural lords ;
Whose wild domains o'er Albion's isle extend ;
Think whose kind hand your annual wealths affords ,
And bid to heaven your gratefull praise ascend.
For tho' no gift spontaneous of the ground
Rose these fair crops that made your vallies smile ,
Tho' the blith youth of every hamlet round ,
Pursued for these thro' many a day their toil.
Yet what avail your labours or your cares ?
Can all your labours , all your care Supply
Bright suns , or softening showers , or tepid airs
Or one indulgent influence of the sky ?
For Providence decrees that we obtain
With toil each blessing destin'd to your use ;
But means to teach us that our toil is vain
If he the bounty of his hand refuse .

Yet Albion, blame not what thy crime demands,
While this sad truth the blushing muse betrays,
More frequent echoes o'er thy harvest lands
The voice of riot than the voice of praise.
Prolific th' thy fields and mild thy clime
Know realms once fam'd for fields and climes as fair,
Have fell the prey of famine, war, and time
And now no semblance of their glory bear.
Ask Palestine, proud Asia's earliest boast,
Where now the groves that pour'd her wine and oil,
Where the fair towns that crown'd her wealthy coast,
Where the glad swains that till'd her fertile soil?
Ask, and behold, and mourn her hapless fall!
Where rose fair towns, where wav'd the golden grain,
Thron'd on the naked rock and mouldering wall,
Pale want and Ruin hold their dreary reign.
Where Jordan's vallies smil'd in living green,
Where Sharon's flowers disclos'd her various hues,
The wandering pilgrim views the alter'd scene,
And drop the tear of pity as he views.
Ask Grecia, mourning o'er her ruin'd towers
Where now the prospects charm'd her bards of old,
Her corn-clad mountains and Elysian bowers,
And silver streams thro' fragrant meadows roll'd?
Where Freedom's praise along the vale was heard,
And town to town return'd the favourite sound,

Where patriot War her awful standard rear'd,
 And brav'd the millions Persia pour'd around?
 There freedom's praise no more the valley chears,
 There patriot War no more her banner waves;
 Nor bard, nor sage, nor martial chief appears,
 But stern barbarians rule a land of slaves.
 Of mighty realms are such the poor remains?
 Of mighty realms that fell when mad with power?
 They lur'd each vice to revel on their plains;
 Each monster doom'd their offspring to devour!
 O Albion! would'st thou shun their mournful fates,
 To shun their follies, and their crimes be thine;
 And woo to linger in thy fair retreats,
 The radiant virtues, progeny divine!
 Bright Truth, the noblest of the sacred band,
 Sweet peace whose brow no ruffling frown deforms,
 Fair Charity with ever open hand,
 And Courage smiling 'midst a thousand storms.
 O haste to grace our Isle, ye lovely train!
 So may the power whose hand all blessing yields,
 Give her fam'd glories ever to remain,
 And crown with annual wealth her laughing fields.

John Scott.

J. Anwell
a Quaker.

E l e g y

Written at the approach of Winter.

The sun far southward bends his annual way,
The bleak north-east wind lays the forest bare,
The fruit ungather'd quits the naked spray,
And dreary Winter reigns o'er earth and air.

No mark of vegetable life is seen
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;
Save the dark leaves of some rude ever-green;
Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall.
Where are the sprightly scenes by spring supply'd,
The May-flower'd hedges scenting every breeze;
The white flocks scattering o'er the mountain's side
The woodlarks warbling on the bloomy trees?
Where is gay Summer's sportive insect train,
That in green fields on painted pinions play'd;
The herd at morn wide-pasturing o'er the plain,
Or throng'd at noon-tide in the willow shade?
Where is brown Autumn's evening mild and still,
What time the ripen'd corn fresh fragrance yields,
What time the village peoples all the hill,
And loud shouts echo o'er the harvest fields?
To former scenes our fancy thus returns,
To former scenes that little pleas'd when here!

Our Winter chills us, and our Summer burns,
Yet we dislike the changes of the year.
To happier lands then restless fancy flies,
Where Indian streams thro' green Savannahs flow;
Where brighter Suns and ever tranquil skies
Bid new fruits ripen and new flowerets blow.
Let Truth these fairer happier lands survey,
There half the year descends in watry storms;
Or Nature sickens in the blaze of day,
And one brown hue the sun - burnt plain deforms.
There oft as toiling in the mazy fields,
Or homeward passing on the shadeless way,
His joyless life the weary labourer yields,
And instant drops beneath the deathful ray.
Who dreams of Nature free from Nature's strife?
Who dreams of constant happiness below?
The hope - flush'd enterer on the stage of life;
The youth to knowledge unchastis'd by woe.
For me, long toil'd on many a weary road,
Led by false hope in search of many a joy;
I find in earth's bleak clime no blest abode,
No place, no season sacred from annoy:
For me, while Winter rages round the plains
With his dark days I'll human life compare;
Not those who fraught with clouds and winds and rains,
Than this with pining pain and anxious care.

O whence this wondrous turn of mind our fate !
 Whate'er the season or the place possest,
 We ever murmur at our present state,
 And yet the thought of parting breaks our rest :
 Why else, when heard in evening's solemn gloom,
 Does the sad knell, that sounding o'er the plain
 Tolls some poor lifeless body to the tomb,
 Thus trills my breast with melancholy pain ?
 The voice of Reason echoes in my ear,
 Thus thou ere long must join thy kindred clay ;
 No more these , nostrils breathe the vital air "
 No more these eyelids open on the day.
 O Winter, round me spread thy joyless reign,
 Thy threatening skies in dusky horrors drest ;
 Of thy dread rage no longer I'll complain,
 Nor ask an Eden for a transient guest.
 Enough has heaven indulg'd of joy below,
 To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat ;
 Enough has heaven ordain'd of useful woe,
 To make us languish for a happier seat.
 There is, who deems all climes, all seasons fair,
 There is, who knows no restless passion's strife ;
 Contentment smiling at each idle care ;
 Contentment thankful for the gift of life ;
 She finds in Winter many a scene to please,
 The morning landscape fring'd with frost-work gay.

The sun at noon seen throu' the leafless trees,
 The clear calm æther at the close of day:
 She marks th'advantage storms and clouds bestow,
 When blustering Caurus purifies the air,
 When moist Aquarius pours the fleecy snow,
 That makes th'impregnate glebe a richer harvest bear;
 She bids for all our grateful praise arise,
 To him whose mandate spake the world to form;
 Gave Spring's gay bloom, and Summer's cheerful skies,
 And Autumn's corn-clad field and winter's sounding
 storm.

John Scott.

The King's Epitaph.

Here lies our Sov'reign Lord the King,
 Whose word no Man rely'd on;
 Who never said a foolish Thing,
 Nor ever did a wise one.

Earl of Rochester.

In Sherlock's Letters Mr. Voltaire is introduced reciting the same Epigram as follow.

Here lies the mutton-eating King (*)
 Whose promise none relies on;

(*) Charles the 2.

Who never said a foolish thing
And never did a wise one.

The two Beavers.

T were well, my friend, for human kind,
Would every man his bus'ness mind,
In his own orbit always move,
Nor blame, nor envy those above.

A beaver, well advanc'd in age,
By long experience render'd sage,
Was skill'd in all the useful arts,
And justly deem'd a beast of parts;
Which he apply'd, as patriots should,
In cultivating public good.

This beaver on a certain day,
A friendly visit went to pay
To a young cousin, pert and vain,
Who often rov'd about the plain;
With every idle beast conferr'd
Hearing, and telling what he hear'd.

The vagrant youth was gone from home,
When th' ancient sage approach'd his dome;
Who each apartment view'd with care,
But found each wanted much repair.
The walls were crack'd, decay'd the doors,

'The corn lay mouldy on the floors ;
Through gaping crannies rushed amain
The blust'ring winds with snow and rain ;
The timber all was rotten grown —
In short the house was tumbling down.
'The gen'rous beast, by pity sway'd,
Griev'd to behold it thus decay'd ;
And while he mourn'd the tatter'd scene,
'The master of the lodge came in.

The first congratulation o'er ,
They rest recumbent on the floor ;
When thus the young conceited beast
His thoughts impertinent express'd.

I long have been surpriz'd to find ,
The lion grown so wondrous kind
To one peculiar sort of beasts ,
While he another sort detests ;
His royal favour chiefly falls
Upon the species of jack - alls.
They share the profits of his throne ,
He smiles on them , and them alone .
Mean while the ferrets useful race
He scarce admits to see his face ;
Traduc'd by lies and ill report ,
They're banish'd from his regal court ,
And counted over all the plain ,

Opposers of the lions reign.

Now I conceiv'd a sheme last night,
 Would doubtless set this matter right :
 These parties should unit together ;
 The lion partial be to neither ,
 But let them both his favours share ,
 And both consult in peace and war.
 This method (were this method try'd)
 Would spread politic basis wide ,
 And on a bottom broad and strong
 Support the social union long —
 But uncle , uncle much I fear ,
 Some have abused the lion ear ;
 He listens to the leopards tongue ;
 That coursed leopard leads him wrong ;
 Were he banish'd far away — — —
 You don't attend to what I say !

Why really , couz , the sage rejoind ,
 The rain and snow , and driving wind ,
 Beat through with such prodigious force
 It made me deaf to your discourse.
 Now , couz , were my advice pursu'd ,
 (And sure I mean it for your good)
 Me thinks you should this house repair ;
 Be this your first and chiefest care .
 Your skill the voice of prudence calls

To stop these crannies in the walls,
 And prop the roof before it falls.
 If you this needfull task perform
 You'll make your mansion dry and warm;
 And we may then converse together,
 Secure from this tempestuous weather.

Duck.

S o n g.

Come here fond youth, whoe'er thou be,
 That boasts to love as well as me ;
 And if thy breast have felt so wide a wound ,
 come hither and thy flame approve ;
 I'll teach thee what it is to love ,
 And by what marks true passion may be found.
 It is to be all bath'd in tears ;
 To live upon a smile for years ;
 To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet :
 To kneel, to languish and implore ;
 And still tho' she disdain, adore :
 It is to do all this , and think thy sufferings sweet .
 It is to gaze upon her eyes
 With eager joy and fond surprise ;
 Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear
 As wretches feel who wait their doom ;

Nor must one ruder thought presume
 Tho' but in whispers breath'd, to meet her ear.
 It is to hope, tho' hope were lost;
 'Tho' heaven and earth thy passion crost;
 Tho' she were bright as sainted queens above,
 And thou the least and meanest swain
 That folds his flock upon the plain,
 Yet if thou dar'st not hope, thou dost not love.
 It is to quench thy joy in tears;
 To nurse strange doubts and groundless fears:
 If pangs of jealousy thou hast not prov'd,
 'Tho' she were fonder and more true
 Than any Nymph old poets drew,
 Oh never dream again that thou hast loved.
 If when the darling maid is gone,
 Thou dost not seek to be alone,
 Wrapt in a pleasing trance of tender woe,
 And muse, and fold thy languid arms,
 Feeding thy fancy on her charms,
 Thou dost not love, for love is nourish'd so.
 If any hopes thy bosom share
 But those which love has planted there,
 Or any cares but his thy breast enthrall,
 Thou never yet his power hast known;
 Love sits on a despotic throne,
 And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,
 Here all thy tender sorrows bring,
 And prove whose patience longest can endure:
 We'll shrive whose fancy shall be lost
 In dreams of fondest passion most;
 Lo if thou thus hast lov'd, oh! never hope a cure.

Aikin.

The satyr and Pedlar.

Words are, so Wollaston defines
 Of our ideas merely signs,
 Which have a powr' at will to vary,
 As being vague and arbitrary.
 Now damn'd for instance, — all agree
 Damn'd is the superlative degree;
 Means that alone, and nothing more,
 However taken heretofore;
 Damn'd is a word can't stand alone,
 Whi h has no meaning of its own,
 But signifies or bad, or good
 Just as his neighbours understood.
 Examples we may find enough,
 Damn'd high, damn'd low, damn'd fine, damn'd stuff.
 So foes it too with his relation,
 I mean its substantive: *damnation.*

The wit with metaphors makes bold,
 And tells you he's *damnation cold*.
 Perhaps that metaphor forgot,
 The selfsame wit's *damnation hot*.
 And here a fable I remember —
 Once in the middle of December,
 When ev'ry mead in snow is lost,
 And ev'ry river bound with frost,
 When families get all together,
 And feinely talk o'er the weather;
 When — pon on the descriptive rhyme —
 In short it was the winter time.
 It was a pedlars happy lot,
 To fall into a satyrs cot:
 Shivering with cold, and almost froze
 With pearly drop upon his nose,
 His fingers ends all pinch'd to death
 He blew upon them with his breath.

„ Friend quoth the Satyr, what intends
 „ That blowing on thy Fingers ends? “ —
 „ It is to warm them thus I blow,
 „ For they are froze as cold as snow.
 „ And so inclement has it been
 „ I'm like a cake of ire within. “
 Come, quoth the Satyr, comfort, man!
 I'll chear thy insde, if I can;

You 're welcome in my homely cottage
 To a warm fire, and mess of pottage.
 This said the Satyr nothing loth,
 A bowl prepared of sav'ry broth,
 Which with delight the bedlar view'd,
 As smoaking on the board it stood.
 But, though the very steam arose,
 With grateful odour to his nose,
 One single sip he ventured not
 The gruel was so wond'rous hot.
 What can be done? — with gentle puff,
 He blows it till, it's cool enough.

Why how now, pedlar, what's the matter?
 Still at thy blowing, quoth the satyr.
 I'll blow to cool it, cries the clown,
 That I may get the liquor down:
 For though I grant, you've made it well,
 You've boi'ld it Sir, as hot as hell.

Then raising high, his cloven stump,
 The Satyr smote him on the rump.

„ Be gone, thou double knave, or fool,
 „ With the same breath to warm and cool:
 „ Friendship with such I never hold
 „ Who 're so damn'd hot, and so damn'd cold.

Robert Lloyd.

S o n g.

Ah! blame me not, if no despair
 A passion you inspire can end,
 Nor think it strange, too charming fair,
 If love, like other flames, ascend,
 If to approach a saint with pray'r
 Unworthy votaries pretend.
 Above all merit heav'n and you
 To the sincere are only due.

Long did respect awe my proud aim,
 And fear t'offend my madness cover,
 Like you it still reprov'd my flame;
 And in the friend wou'd hide the lover;
 But by things, that want a name,
 I the too bold truth discover.
 My words in vain are in my pow'r,
 My looks betray me ev'ry hour.

Rob. Wolseley, Esq. ()*

() Dryden's Misc. V. 252.*

The farmer, spaniel and the cat.

Why knits my dear her angry brow?
 What rude offense alarms you now?
 I said that Delia's fair, 't is true,

But did I say she equall'd you ?
 Can't I anothers face commend ,
 Or to her virtues be a friend ,
 But instantly your forehead lours
 As if her merit lessen'd yours ?
 From female envy never free ,
 All must be blind , because you see .

Survey the gardens , fields and bow'r's
 The buds , the blossoms and flow'r's ,
 Then tell me where the woodbine grows
 That vies in sweetness with the rose ?
 Or where the lilly's snowy white ,
 That throws such beauties on the sight ?
 Yet folly is it to declare ,
 That these are neither sweet , nor fair .
 The crystal shines with fainter rays
 Before the di'monds brighter blaze ;
 And fops will say the di'mond dies
 Before the lustre of your eyes :
 But I , who deal in truth deny
 That neither shine , when you are by .

When Zephyrs o'er blossoms stray ,
 And sweets along the air convey
 Shant I the fragrant breeze inhale
 Because you breathe a sweeter gale ?

Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field ;
 Sweet is the smell that blossoms yield ;
 Sweet is the summer gale that blows ,
 And sweet , tho' sweeter you , the rose.

Shall envy then torment your breast ,
 If you are lovelier than the rest ?
 For while I give to each her due ,
 By praising them I flatter you ;
 And praising most , I still declare -
 You fairest , when the rest are fair.

As at his board a farmer sate ,
 Replenish'd by his homely treat ,
 His fav'rite spaniel near hin stood ,
 And with his master shar'd the food ;
 The crackling bones his jaws devour'd ;
 His lapping tongue the trenchers scourd ,
 Till sated now , supine he lay ,
 And snor'd the rising fumes away.

The hungry cat , in turn , drew near ,
 And humbly crav'd a servant's share ;
 Her modest worth the master knew ,
 And strait the fat'ning morsel threw :
 Enrag'd the snarling cur awoke ,
 And thus with spiteful envy spoke :

They only claim a right to eat ,
 Who earn by services the meat ,

Me zeal and industry enflame
To scour the fields, and spring the game;
Or plunged in the wintry wave,
For man the wounded bird to save
With watchful diligence I keep,
From prowling wolves his fleecy sheep;
At home his midnight hours secure,
And drive the robber from the door.
For this his breath with kindness glows,
For this his hand the food bestows;
And shall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendship to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper such vile things, as you?
I own, with meekness pass reply'd,
Superior merit on your side;
Nor does my breast with envy swell,
To find it recompenc'd so well;
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whose claws destroy the pil'ring mouse?
Who drives the vermin from the house?
Or watchful for the lab'ring swain,
From lurking rats secure the grain?
From hence if he rewards bestow,
Why should your heart with gall o'erflow?

Why pine my happiness to see,
Since ther's enough for you and me?

Thy words are just, the former cry'd,
And spurn'd the snarler from his side.

Moore,

E p i g r a m.

Written in Sylvia's Prior.

Untouch'd by love, unmov'd by wit,
I found no charms in Matthew's lyre,
But unconcern'd read all he writ,
Tho' love and Phoebus did inspire.

Till Sylvia took her favourite's part,
Resolv'd to prove my judgment wrong —
Her proofs prevail'd, they reach'd my heart,
And soon I felt the poet's song.

Garrick. ()*

(*) *Festoon. p. 79.*

The Colt and the Farmer.

Tell me Corinna, if you can
 Why so averse, so coy to man?
 Did nature, lavish of her care
 From her best pattern form you fair
 That you ungrateful to her cause
 Should mock her gifts, and spurn her laws?
 And miser like with hold that store,
 Which by imparting blesses more?
 Beauty's a gift by heaven assign'd
 The portion of the female kind;
 For this the yielding maid demands
 Protection at her lovers hands,
 And though by wasting years it fade
 Remembrance tells him, once t'was paid.

And will you then this wealth conceal,
 For age to rust, or time to steal?
 The summer of your youth to rove,
 A stranger of the joys of love?
 Then when life's winter hastens on,
 And youth's fair heritage is gone,
 Dow'rless to court some peasants arm's
 To guard your wither'd age from harms,
 No gratitude to warm his breast,
 For blooming beauty once posse'sd;

How

How will you curse that stubborn pride,
 Which drove your bark across the tide,
 And failing before felly's wind,
 Left sense and happiness behind.

Corinna, lest these whims prevail
 To such as you I write my tale.

A colt for blood, and mettled speed
 The choicest of the running breed,
 Of youthful strength, and beauty vain
 Refus'd subjection to the rein,
 In vain the grooms officious skill,
 Oppos'd his pride, and check'd his will ;
 In vain the masters forming care
 Restraine'd with threats, or sooth'd with pray'r:
 Of freedom prude, and scorning man,
 Wild o'er the spacious plains he ran.

Where e'er luxuriant nature spread,
 Her flowery carpet o'er the mead,
 Or bubbling streams soft gliding pass,
 To cool and freshen up the grass,
 Disdaining bound he cropt the blade,
 And wanton'd in the spoil he made.

In plenty thus the summer pass'd,
 Revolving winter came at last ;
 The trees no more a shelter yield,
 The verdure withers from the field,

Perpetual snows invest the ground,
In icy chains the streams are bound,
Cold nipping winds, and rattling hail
His lank unshelter'd sides assail.
As round he cast his rueful eyes,
He saw the thatch'd - roof cottage rise,
The prospect touch'd his heart with cheer ;
And promis'd kind deliv'rance near.
A stable, erst his scorn and hate,
Was now become his wish'd retreat ;
His passion cool, his pride forgot,
A farmers welcome yard he sought.

The master saw his woeful plight,
His limbs that totter'd with his weight,
And friendly to the stable led,
And saw him litter'd, dress'd and fed.
In slothful ease all night he lay;
The servants rose at break of day ;
The market calls. Along the road
His back must bear the pondrous load.
In vain he struggles, or complains,
Incessant blows reward his pains.
To morrow varies but his toil ;
Chain'd to the plough, he breaks the soil,
While scanty meals at night repay
The painful labours of the day.

Subdu'd by toil, with anguish rent,
 His self upbraidings found a vent.
 Wretch that I am ! he sighing said,
 By arrogance and folly led.
 Had but my restive youth been brought,
 To learn the lesson nature taught,
 'The had I like my sires of yore,
 The prise from ev'ry courses bore,
 While men bestow'd rewards and praise,
 And females crownd my latter days.
 Now lasting sevitudes my lot,
 My birth contemn'd, my speed forgot,
 Doom'd am I, for my pride, to bear
 A living death from year to year.

Moore.

Ode to simplicity.

O thou by nature thaugt,
 To breathe her genuine thought,
 In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong :
 Who first on mountains wild,
 In fancy, loveliest child,
 Thy babe, and pleasure's, nurs'd the powers of song ?
 Thou who with hermit heart
 Disdain't the wealth of art,

And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall,
But com'st a decent maid,
In Attic robe array'd,
O'chasse unboastful nymph, to thee I call !
By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her, whose love-born woe,
In evening musings slow,
Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear :
By old Cephisus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wand'ring round thy green retreat,
On whose enamel'd side
When holy freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.
O sister, meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy sober aids, and native charms infuse !
The flowers that sweetest breathe
Tho' beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.
While Rome could none esteem,
But virtue's patriot theme ;
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureat band :
But staid to sing alone

To one distinguish'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The passions own thy power,
Love, only love her forceless numbers mean:
For thou hast left her shrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the fertile scene.

'Tho' taste, tho' genius bless
To some divine excess,
Faint's the cold work, 'till thou inspire the whole;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm your eye,

'Thou, only thou canst raise the meeting soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek thy temperate vale:
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, o nature, learn my tale.

Collins.

The Enquiry.

Among the myrtles as I walk'd,
 Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd :
 „ Tell me (said I in deep distress)
 Where may I find my shepherdess ? “

„ Thou fool (said love) know'st thou not this ?
 In every thing that's good she is !
 In yonder tulip go and seek,
 There thou mayst find her lip, her cheek.

In yon enamel'd pansy by,
 There thou shalt have her curious eye ;
 In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
 There wave the streamers of her blood ;

In brightest lilies that there stand,
 The emblems of her whiter hand ,
 In yonder rising hill there smell
 Such sweets, as in her bosom dwell. “

„ 'Tis true “ (said I) and thereupon
 I went to pluck them one by one ,
 To make of parts a union ;
 But on a sudden allwas gone.

With that I stopt; said love : “ these be ,
 Fond man , resemblances of thee :
 And, as these flowers, thy joys shall die ,
 Ev'n in the twinkling of an eye ;

And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
Like these short sweets thus knit together.

Th. Carew.

F a n c y.

Love is by fancy led about,
From hope to fear, from fear to doubt;
Whom we now a goddess call,
Divinely grac'd in every feature,
Straight's a deform'd, a perjur'd creature:

Love and hate are fancy all,
'Tis but as fancy shall present
Objects of grief, or of content,
That the lover's blest, or dies;
Visions of mighty pains, or pleasure,
Imagin'd want, imagin'd treasure,

All in powerful fancy lies,

Coll. of Epigr. I. 197.

The Moans of the Forest after the Battle of Flodden Field.

I have heard a lilting at the ewes milking,
A (all) the lasses lilting before the break of day;

But now there's a moaning in ilka green loning,
Since the flowers of the forest are weeded away.

At buights in the morning nae blythe lads are
scorning,
Our lasses are lonely, and dowie and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but fighing and sobbing,
Ilka lass lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In har'ft at the shearing nae swankies are jeening,
Our bansters are wrinkled and lyard (hoary) and grey;
At a fair or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleetching,
Since the flowers of the forest are weeded away.

At e'en in the glooming nae youngsters are roaming
Bout stocks with the lasses at boggle to play;
But ilka lass fits dreary, lamenting her deary,
Since the flowers of the forest are weeded away.
Sorrow and woe befall.

Dool and wae fa' the order - sent our lads to the
border!

The English for once by a guile won the day:
The flowers of the forest that shone aye the foremost,
The pride of our land now ligs (lies) cauld in the clay!

We'll ha' nae mair lilting at the ewes milking,
 Our women and bairns now sit downe and wae :
 There's nought heard but moaning in ilka green londing ,
 Since the flowers of the forest are weeded away.

History and antiquities of the Counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland by John Nicholson Esq. and Rich. Burn L. L. D. 4. 2. volls

1778.

The Cure of Love.

When, Chloe, I confess my pain ,
 In gentle words you pity shew ,
 But gentle words are all in vain ,
 Such gales my flame but higher blow .
 Ah , Chloe ! would you cure the smart
 Your conqu'ring eyes have keenly made ,
 Yourself upon my bleeding heart ,
 Yourself , fair Chloe , must be laid .
 Thus for the viper's sting we know
 No surer remedy is found ,
 Than to apply the tort'ring soc ,
 And squeeze his venom on the wound .

Dr. Kenrick.

Lond. Mag. May. 1737.

I S

H y m e n.

See ! Hymen comes ; how his torch blazes !
 Looser loves , how dim they burn !
 No pleasures equal chaste embraces ,
 When we love for love return.
 When fortune makes the match , he rages ,
 And forsakes th' unequal pair ;
 But when love two hearts engages ,
 The kind god is ever there.
 Regard not then high blood nor riches ,
 You , that would his blessings have ;
 Let untaught Love guide all your wishes .
 Hymen should be Cupid's slave .

Sir Charles Sedley.

E p i t a p h,

Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much virtue , as cou'd die ,
 Which , when alive , did vigour give
 To as much beauty , as cou'd live .

Ben Johnson.

Epitaph on his wife.

Enough, cold stone! suffice her long-lov'd name;
 Wonds are too weak, to pay her virtue's claim. —
 Temples and tombs and tongues shall waite away,
 And pow'rs vain pomp in mould'ring dust decay;
 But e'er mankind a wife more perfect see,
 Eternity, o time, shall bury thee.

Aaron Hill.

E p i g r a m.

Written in a blank leaf of Dr. Trap's blank-
 verse translation of Virgil.

Read the commandments, Trap; translate no further,
 For there 'tis written: thou shalt not murther!

Dr. Evans.

Lovely Peggy.

Once more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell,
 A flame, which time can never quell,
 That burns for lovely Peggy.
 Ye greater bards the lyre should hit,
 For say, what subject is more fit,

Than to record the sparkling wit

And bloom of lovely Peggy.

The Sun first rising in the morn,

That paints the dew bespangled thorn,

Does not so much the day adorn,

As does my lovely Peggy;

And when in Thetis lap to rest

He streaks with gold the ruddy west,

He's not se beauteous, as undress'd

Appears my lovely Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,

With her the bleeting flocks I'd feed,

And pipe upon my oaten reed,

To please my lovely Peggy.

With her a cottage would delight,

All's happy when she's in my sight,

But when she's gone it's endless night;

All's dark without my Peggy.

The Zephyr's air the violet blows,

Or breaths upon the damask rose,

He does not half the sweets disclose,

That does my lovely Peggy.

I stole a kiss the other day,

And trust me, nought but truth I say,

The fragrant breath of blooming may

Was not so sweet as Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r shall rove,
 And linnets warble thro' the grove,
 Or stately swans the water love,

So long shall I love Peggy.
 And when death with his pointed dart
 Shall strike the blow, that rives my heart,
 My words shall be, when I depart:
 Adieu my lovely Peggy!

Sir Hanburg Williams.

The Odes of Sir H. W. Knight of the Bath.

London. 1775. 8. p. 117.

Declaration.

Dear Colin, prevent my warm blushes,
 Since how can I speak without pain?
 My eyes have oft told your their wishes,
 O! can't you their meaning explain?
 My passion would lose by expression,
 And you too might cruelly blame;
 Then don't you expect a confession
 Of what is so tender to name.
 Since yours is the province of speaking,
 Why should you expect it from me?
 Our wishes should be in our keeping,
 Till you tell us what they should be.

Then quickly why don't you discover,
 Did your heart feel such tortures as mine?
 Eyes not tell over and over,
 What I in my bosom confine.

Lady M. W. Montague

Elegy to the Dutchess of R - - -

Thou lovely slave to a rude husband's will,
 By nature us'd so well, by him so ill!
 For all that grief we see your mind endure,
 Your glass presents you with a pleasing cure.
 Those maids you envy for their happier state,
 To have your form, would gladly have your fate;
 And of like slavery each wife complains,
 Without such beauty's help to bear her chains.
 Husbands like him we ev'ry - where may see;
 But where can we behold a wife like thee?
 While to a tyrant you by fate are ty'd,
 By love you tyrannize o'er all beside:
 Those eyes, tho' weeping, can no pity move;
 Worthy our grief! more worthy of our love!
 You, while so fair (do fortune what she please)
 Can be no mote in pain, than we at ease:
 Unless, unsatisfied with all our vows,
 Your vain ambition so unbounded grows,

'That you repine a husband should escape
Th' united force of such a face and shape.
If so, alas ! for all those charming pow'rs,
Your case is just as desperate as ours.

Expect that birds should only sing to you,
And, as you walk, that ev'ry tree should bow ;
Expect those statues, as you pass, should burn ;
And that with wonder men should statues turn ;
Such beauty is enough to give things life,
But not to make a husband love his wife :
A husband, worse than statues, or than trees ;
Colder than those, less sensible than these.

Then from so dull a care your thoughts remove,
And waste not sighs you only owe to love.
"Tis pity, sighs from such a breast should part,
Unless to ease some doubtful lover's heart ;
Who dies because he must too justly prize
What yet the dull possessor does despise.

Thus precious jewels among Indians grow,
Who nor their use, nor wondrous value know ;
But we for those bright treasures tempt the main,
And hazard life for what the fools disdain.

Sheffield Duke of Buckingham.

Ode to Seraphina.

The wanton's charms, however bright,
 Are like the false illusive light,
 Whose flattering auspicious blaze
 To precipices oft betrays :
 But that sweet ray your beauties dart,
 Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,
 Is like the sacred queen of night,
 Who pours a lovely gentle light
 Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest,
 Conducting them to peace and rest.
 A vicious love depraves the mind,
 'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly join'd;
 But Seraphina's eyes dispense
 A mild and gracious influence :
 Such as in visions angels shed
 Around the heav'n - illumin'd head.
 'To love thee, Seraphina, sure
 Is to be tender, happy, pure ;
 'Tis from low passions to escape,
 And woo bright virtue's fairest shape ;
 'Tis extasy with wisdom join'd ;
 And heaven-infus'd into the mind.

Thomson.

Song.

S o n g.

Say, lovely dream, where could thou find
 Shades, to counterfeit that face.

Colors of this glorious kind
 Come not from any mortal place.

In heav'n itself thou sure wer't drest
 With that angel-like disguise;

Thus deluded I am blest,
 And see my joy with closed eyes.

But ah! this image is too kind,
 To be other than a dream:

Cruel Sacharissa's mind,
 Never put on that sweet extreme!

Fair dream! if thou intend'st me grace,
 Change that heav'nly face of thine;

Paint despis'd love in thy face,
 And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look
 With a pity-moving shape;

Such, as wander by the brook
 Of Lethe, or from graves escape.

Then to that matchless nymph appear,
 In whose shape thou shonest so;

Softly in her sleeping eat
 With humble words express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state and pride

Thus surprised she may fall :

Sleep doth disproportion hide,

And, death resembling, equals all.

Waller.

Ode to the Right Honourable Francis Earl of Huntingdon.

I. 1.

The wise and great of every clime,
Thro' all the spacious walks of time
Where'er the Muse her power display'd,
With joy have listen'd and obey'd.
For taught of heaven, the sacred Nine
Persuasive numbers, forms divine,

To mortal sense impart :

They best the soul with glory fire;
They noblest counsels, boldest deeds inspire:
And high o'er fortune's rape inthrone the fixed heart.

I. 2.

Nor less prevailing is their charm

The vengeful bosom to disarm;

To melt the proud with human woe,

And prompt unwilling tears to flow.

Can wealth a power like this afford?

Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's sword,

An equal empire claim?

No, Hastings. Thou my words wilt own:
Thy breast the gifts of every Muse hath known;
Nor shall the giver's love disgrace thy noble name.

I. 3.

The Muse's awful art,
And the blest function of the poet's tongue,
Ne'er shalt thou blush to honour; to assert
From all that scorned vice or slavish fear has sung.
Nor shall the blandishment of Tuscan strings
Warbling at will in pleasure's myrtle bower;
Nor shall the servile notes to Celtic kings
By flattering minstrels paid in evil hour,
Move thee to spurn the heavenly Muse's reign.

A different strain,

And other themes

From her prophetic shades and hallow'd streams,
(Thou well canst witness) meet the purged ear:
Such, as when Greece to her immortal shell
Rejoicing listen'd, godlike sounds to hear;
To hear the sweet instructress tell
(While men and heroes throng'd around)
How life its noblest use may find,
How well for freedom be resign'd;
And how, by glory, virtue shall be crown'd.

II. 1.

Such was the Chian father's strain
 To many a kind domestic train,
 Whose pious heart and genial bowl
 Had chear'd the reverend pilgrim's soul:
 When every hospitable rite
 With equal bounty to requite
 He struck his magic strings;
 And pour'd spontaneous numbers forth,
 And seiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,
 And fill'd their musing hearts with vast heroic things

II. 2.

Now oft, where happy spirits dwell,
 Where yet he tunes his charming shell,
 Oft near him, with applauding hands,
 The genius of his country stands.
 To listening gods he makes him known,
 That man divine, by whom were sown
 The seeds of Grecian fame:
 Who first the race with freedom fir'd;
 From whom Lycurgus Sparta's sons inspir'd;
 From whom Platæan palms and Cyprian trophies came.

II. 3.

O noblest, happiest age!
 When Aristides rul'd, and Cimon fought,
 When all the generous fruits of Homer's page

Exulting Pindar saw to full perfection brought,
 O Pindar! oft shalt thou be hail'd of me ;
 Not that Apollo fed thee from his shrine ;
 Not that thy lips drank sweetness from the bee ;
 Nor yet that, studious of thy notes divine,
 Pan danc'd their measure with the sylvan throng

But that thy Song
 Was proud to unfold

What thy base rulers trembled to behold ;
 Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
 The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame :
 Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.

But thou, o faithful to thy fame !
 The Muse's law did'st rightly know ;
 That who would animate his lays ,
 And other minds to virtue raise ,
 Must feel his own with all her spirit glow.

III. I.

Are there approved of later times ,
 Whose verse adorn'd a Tyrant's crimes ?
 Who saw majestic Rome betray'd ,
 And lent the imperial ruffian aid ?
 Alas ! not one polluted bard ,
 No , not the strains that Mincius heard .

Or Tibur's hills reply'd ,
 Dare to the Muse's ear aspire ;

Save that, instructed by the Grecian lyre,
With freedom's ancient notes their shameful task they
hide.

III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,
Amid the domes of modern hands :
Amid the toys of idle state,
How simply, how severely great !
Then turn, and, while each western clime
Presents her tuneful sons to time,

So mark thou Milton's name ;
And add, „ thus differs from the throng
„ The spirit which inform'd thy awful Song,
„ Which bade thy potent voice protect, thy country's
„ fame. “

III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric Zeal
His memory with unholy rage pursues ;
While from these arduous cares of public weal
She bids each bard begone, and rest him with his Muse.
O fool ! to think the man, whose ample mind
Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey ;
Must join the noblest forms of every kind,
The world's most perfect image to display.
Can e'er his country's majesty behold,
Unmov'd or cold.

O fool! to deem
 That he, whose thought must visit every theme,
 Whose heart must every strong emotion know
 Inspir'd by nature, or by fortune taught;
 That he, if haply some presumptuous foe,
 With false ignoble science fraught,
 Shall spurn at freedom's faithful band;
 That he their dear defence will shun,
 Or hide their glories from the sun,
 Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand!

IV. 1.

Care not that in Arno's plain,
 Or on the sportive banks of Seine,
 From public themes the Muse's quire
 Content with polish'd ease retire,
 Where Priests the studious head command,
 Where tyrants bow their warlike hand
 To vile ambition's aim,
 Say what can public themes afford,
 Give venal honours to an hateful lord,
 Reserv'd for angry heaven and scorn'd of honest fame

IV. 2.

But here where freedom's equal throne
 To all her valiant sons is known:
 Where all are conscious of her cares,
 And each the power, that rules him, shares;

Here let the bard , whose dastard tongue
Leaves public arguments unsung ,
Bid public praise farewell :
Let him to fitter climes remove ,
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love ,
And lull mysterious monks to slumber in their cell.

IV. 3.

O Hastings , not at all
Can ruling heaven the same endowments lend :
Yet still does nature to her offspring call ,
That to one general weal their different powers they
bend ,
Unenvious . Thus alone , tho' strains divine
Inform the bosom of the Muse's son ;
Tho' with new honours the patrician's line
Advance from age to age ; yet thus alone
They win the suffrage of impartial fame .

The potts name
He best shall prove ,
Whose lays the soul with noblest passions move .
But thee , o progeny of heroes old ,
Thee to severer toils thy fate requires :
The fate which form'd thee in a chosen mould ,
The grateful country of thy Sires ,
Thee to sublimer paths demand ;
Sublimer than thy Sires could trace ,

Or thy own Edward teach his race,
Tho' Gaul's proud genius Sunk beneath his hand.

V. 1.

From rich domains and Subject farms,
They led the rustic youth to arms;
And kings their stern achievements fear'd;
While private strife their banners rear'd.
But loftier Scenes to thee are shown,
Where empire's wide establish'd throne

No private master fills:
Where, long foretold, the People reigns:
Where each a vassal's humble heart disdains;
And judges what he sees; and, as he judges, wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
The swelling Democratic tide;
To watch the state's uncertain frame,
And baffle faction's partial aim:
But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,
To quell that servile band, who kneel
To freedom's banish'd foes;
That monster, which is dayly found
Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound;
Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counsel knows.

V. 3.

"Tis highest heaven's command,
 That guilty aims should sordid paths pursue ;
 That what ensnares the heart should maim the hand ,
 And virtue's worthless foes be false to glory too.
 But look on freedom. See , thro' every age ,
 What labours , perils , griefs , hath she disdain'd !
 What arms , what regal pride , what priestly rage ,
 Have her dread offspring conquer'd or sustain'd !
 For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the strains
 Of happy swains
 Which now resound
 Where Scarsdale's cliffs the swelling pastures bound ,
 Bear witness. There , oft let the farmer hail
 The sacred orchard which imbowers his gate ,
 And shew to strangers passing down the vale ,
 Where Candish , Booth , and Osborne late ;
 When bursting from their country's chain ,
 Even in the midst of deadly harms ,
 Of papal snares and lawless arms ,
 They plann'd for freedom this her noblest reign.

VI. I.

This reign , these laws , this public care ,
 Which Nassau gave us all to share ,
 Had ne'er adorn'd the English name ,
 Could fear have fileac'd freedom's claim.

But fear in vain attempts to bind
 Those lofty efforts of the mind
 Which social good inspires ;
 Where men , for this , assault a throne ,
 Each adds the common welfare to his own ;
 And each unconquer'd heart the strength of all acquires.

VI. 2.

Say , was it thus , when late we view'd
 Our fields in civil blood imbru'd ?
 When fortune crown'd the barbarous host ,
 And half the astonis'hd isle was lost ?
 Did one of all that vaunting train ,
 Who dare affront a peaceful reign ,
 Durst one in arms appear ?
 Durst one in counsels pledge his life ?
 Stake his luxurious fortunes in the strife ?
 Or lend his boasted name his vagrant friends to chear ?

VI. 3.

Yet , Hastings , these are they
 Who challenge to themselves thy country's love ;
 The true ; the constant : who alone can weigh ,
 What glory should demand , or liberty approve ?
 But let their works declare them . Thy free powers ,
 The generous powers of thy prevailing mind ,
 Not for the task of their confederate hours ,
 Lewd brawls and iurking slander , were design'd .

Be thou thy own approver. Honest praise
 Oft nobly sways
 Ingeneous youth :
 But, sought from cowards and the lying mouth,
 Praise is reproach. Eternal God alone
 For mortals fixeth that sublime award.
 He, from the faithful records of his throne,
 Bids the historian and the bard
 Dispose of honour and of scorn ;
 Discern the patriot from the slave ;
 And write the good, the wise, the brave,
 For lessons to the multitude unborn.

Mark Akenfide.

To the honourable Miss Carteret.

Bloom of beauty, early flow'r
 Of the blissful bridal bow'r ;
 Thou, thy parents pride and care,
 Fairest offspring of the fair,
 Lovely pledge of mutual love ;
 Angel seeming from above,
 Were it not, thou day by day
 Doest thy very sex betray ,
 Female, more and more appear ,
 Female, more than angel dear :

How to speak thy face and mien,
(Soon, too dangerous to be seen)
How shall I, or shall the muse,
Language of resemblance chuse?
Language, like the mien and face,
Full of sweetness, full of grace !
By the next returning spring,
When again the Linnets sing,
When again the lambkins play,
Pretty Sportting full of May,
When the Meadows next are seen,
Sweet enamel ! white and green,
And the year, in fresh attire,
Welcomes every gay desire;
Blooming - on , shall thou appear
More inviting than the year
Fairer sight than Orchard shows,
Which beside a river blows.
Yet , another spring I see;
And a brighter bloom in thee.
And another round of time,
Circling , still improves thy prime:
And , beneath the vernal skies ,
Yet a verdure more shall rise;
Ere the beauties, kindling slow ;
In each finish'd feature glow ;

Ere, in smiles and in disdain,
 thou exert thy maiden reign,
 Absolute to save, or kill,
 Fond beholders, at thy will.

Then, the taper-moulded waste
 With a span of ribbon braced,
 And the swell of either breast,
 And the wide high-vaulted chest,
 And the neck so white and round
 Little neck with buillants bound,
 And the store of charms that shine
 Above, in Lineaments divine,
 Crowded in a narrow space
 To compleat the desperate face;
 These alluring powers, and more,
 Shall enamour'd youths adore;
 These and more, in courtly lays,
 Many an aking heart shall praise.

Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
 Happiest he of happy men,
 Who, in courtship greatly sped,
 Wins the damsel to his bed,
 Bears the virgin-prize away,
 Counting life one nuptial day!
 For, the dark-brown dusk of hair
 Shadowing thick thy forehead fair,

Down the veiny temples growing ,
 O'er the sloping shoulders flowing ;
 And the smoothly - pencil'd brow ,
 Mild to him in every vow ;
 And the fringed lid below ,
 Thin as thinnest blossoms blow ,
 And the hazely - lucid eye ,
 Whence heart - winning glances fly ;
 And that cheek of health , o'erspred
 With soft - blended white and red ;
 And the witching smiles , that break
 Round those lips , which sweetly speak ;
 And thy gentleness of mind ,
 Gentle , from a gentle kind ;
 These endowments (heavenly dow'r !)
 Brought him in the promis'd hour ,
 Shall for ever bind him to thee ,
 Shall renew him still to woo thee .

Ambr. Philips Esq.

A Song by the late Mr. Cunningham not
 publis'hd in his Works.

I.

In spring, my dear shepherds ! your flow'rets are ga.
 They breathe all their sweets in the sunshine of May.

But hang down their heads, when December draws near,
The Winter of life is like that of the year.

2.

The larks and the linnets, that chaunt o'er the plains
All, all are in love, while the summer remains.
But cease their fond strains, as her charms disappear,
The Winter of life is like that of the year.

3.

The season for love is, when life's in its prime.
Ye Lads, and ye Lasses! make use of your time!
The frost of old age will too quickly be here.
The Winter of life is like that of the year.

Cunningham. (*)

(*) *S. the London Chronicle 1782*

Doris.

Doris, a Nymph of riper age,
Has every grace and art;
A wise observer to engage,
Or wound a heedless heart.
Of native blush, and rosy dye,
Time has her cheek bereft;
Which makes the prudent Nymph supply,
With paint, th' injurious theft.

Her

Her sparkling eyes she still retains,
 And teeth in good repair;
 And her well furnish'd front disdains
 'To grace with borrow'd hair.
 Of size, she is nor short, nor tall,
 And does to fat incline
 No more, than what the french wou'd call
 Aimable embonpoint.
 Farther her person to disclose
 I leave — — let it suffice,
 She has few faults, but what she knows,
 And can with skill disguise.
 She many lovers has refus'd,
 With many more comply'd;
 Which, like her cloaths, when little us'd,
 She always lays aside.
 She's one, who looks with great contempt
 On each affected creature,
 Whose nicety would seem exempt
 From appetites of nature.
 She thinks, they want or health or sense,
 Who want an inclination;
 And therefore never takes offence
 At him who pleads his passion.
 Whom she refuses, she treats still
 With so much sweet behaviour,

That her refusal , through her skill ,
Looks almost like a favour.
Since she this softness can express
To those whom she rejects ,
She must be very fond , you'll guess ,
Of such whom she affects.
But here our Doris far outgoes ,
All that her sex have done ;
She no regard for custom knows ,
Which reason bids her shun.
By reason , her own reason's meant ,
Or if you please , her will :
For when this last is discontent
The first is serv'd but ill.
Peculiar therefore is her way :
Whether by nature tought ,
I shall not undertake to say ,
Or by experience bought.
But who o'er night obtain'd her grace ,
She can next day disown ,
And stare upon the strange man's face ,
As one she ne'er had known.
So well she can the truth disguise ,
Such artful wonder frame ,
The lover or distrusts his eyes ,
Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

Some censure this as lewd and low,
 Who are to bounty blind ;
 For to forget what we bestow ,
 Bespeaks a noble mind.
 Doris our thanks nor asks nor needs ,
 For all her favours done :
 From her love flows , as light proceeds
 Spontaneous from the sun.
 On one or other , still her fires
 Display their genial force ;
 And she like Sol alone retires ,
 To shine elsewhere of course.

Congreve.

Elegy to his friend written under the
 confinement of a long indisposition.

While calm you sit beneath your secret shade ,
 And lose in pleasing thought the summer day ,
 Or tempt the wish of some unpractis'd maid ,
 Whose heart at once inclines and fears to stray :
 The sprightly vigour of my youth is fled ;
 Lonely and sick , on death is all my thought :
 Oh spare Persephone , this guiltless head !
 Love , too much love , is all thy suppliant's fault .

No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd,
My tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace,
No poisons in the cup have I convey'd,
Nor veil'd destruction with a friendly face:
No secret horrors gnaw this quiet breast,
This pious hand ne'er robb'd the sacred fane,
I ne'er disturb'd the god's eternal rest
With curses loud - but oft have pray'd in vain.
No stealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand;
Ah why so soon the tender blossom tear,
Ere Autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand?
Ye gods whoe'er, in gloomy shades below,
Now slowly tread your melancholy round,
Now wandering view the baleful rivers flow,
And musing hearken to their solemn sound:
O let me still enjoy the cheerful day,
Till many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd in my age I trifle life away,
And tell how much we lov'd, ere I grew old.
But you, who now with festive garlands crown'd,
In chace of pleasure the gay moments spend,
By quick enjoyment heal love's pleasing wound,
And grieve for nothing, but your absent friend.

Hammond.

My mind to me a Kingdom is. 1)

My minde to me a Kingdome is,
 Such perfect joys therein I find,
 As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,
 That worlds affort, or growes by kind: 2)
 Though much I want, that most men have,
 Yet doth my mind forbid me crave
 Content I live, this is my stay,
 I seek no more than may suffice,
 I press to bear no haughty sway,
 Look what I lacke 3) my mind supplies:
 Loe, thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.
 I see, how plenty surfeits oft,
 And hasty climbers of do fall;
 I see, how those, that sit a lost,
 Mishap doth threaten most of all;
 They get, they toyle, they spend with care,
 Such cares my minde could never beare

L 3

1) This excellent philosophical song appears have been famous in the sixteenth Century. S. Rel. of anc. Poetry. l. 269.

2) i. e. is bestowed by nature.

3) want, need.

I laugh not at anothers losse,
 I grudge not at anothers gaine;
 No wordly wave my mind can tosse,
 I broke that is another's paine : 4)
 I fear no foe, I scorne no friend,
 I dread no death, I feare no end.
 Some have too much yet still they crave,
 I little have, yet seek no more;
 They are but poor, though much they have,
 And I am rich with little store:
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
 They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.
 My wealth is health and perfect ease,
 My conscience clear my chiefe defence,
 I never seek by bribes to please,
 Nor by desert to give offence:
 Loe, thus I live, thus will I die,
 Would all did so as well as I.
 No princely pompe, no wealthy store,
 No force, to get the victory,
 No wily wit, to salve a sore, 5)
 No shape, to win a lover's eye:
 To none of these I yield as thrall,
 For why my mind despiseth all.

4) I endure what gives another pain.
 5) To cure a sore painful place.

I joy not at an earthly blisse,
 I weigh no Cresus' wealth a straw;
 For care, I care not what it is,
 I fear no fortunes fatal law:
 My mind is so as may not move
 For beauty bright or force of love,
 I wish not what I have at will,
 I wander not to seek for more,
 I like the plaine, I clime no hill,
 In greateſt storme I ſit on ſhore,
 And laugh at thoſe, that toile in vaine,
 To get that muſt be loſt again.
 I kiſſ not, where I wiſh to kill,
 I faine no love, where moſt I hate,
 I breake no ſleep to winne my will,
 I waite not at the mighties gate,
 I ſcorne no poor, I fear no rich,
 I feele no want, nor haue too much.
 The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath;
 Extremes are counted worſt of all,
 The golden meane betwixt them both,
 Doth ſureſt ſit, and fears no fall:
 This is my choyce, for why I finde,
 No wealth is like a quiet minde.

To Lady H --- y.

H — y, would you know the passion,
 You have kindled in my breast,
 Trifling is the inclination,
 That by words can be express'd.
 In my silence see the lover,
 True love is by silence known;
 In my eyes you'll best discover
 All the power of your own.

Voltaire.

S. Festoon p. 79.

The Hermit.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove
 'Twas then, by the cave of a mountain afar,
 A Hermit his song of the night thus began;
 No more with himself or with nature at war,
 He thought as a sage, while he felt as a man.
 „ Ah, why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
 „ Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?
 „ For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,

„ And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
 „ Yet, if pity inspire thee, ah cease not thy lay,
 „ Mourn, sweetest Complainier, Man calls thee to
 mourn:
 „ O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away —
 „ Full quickly they pass, but they never return.
 „ Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
 „ The Moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:
 „ But lately I mark'd, when majestick on high
 „ She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
 „ Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 „ The path that conducts thee to splendor again, —
 „ But Man's faded glory no change shall renew,
 „ Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!
 „ 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
 „ I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
 „ For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 „ Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
 „ Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
 „ Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save. —
 „ But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
 „ O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!
 „ 'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
 „ That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
 „ My thoughts wont to roam, from shade, onward
 to shade,

„ Destruction before me , and sorrow behind .
 „ O pity , great Father of light , “ then I cry’d ,
 „ Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee !
 „ Lo , humbled in dust , I relinquish my pride :
 „ From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free . “
 „ The darkness and doubt are now flying away .
 „ No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn ,
 „ So breaks on the traveller , faint and astray ,
 „ The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn .
 „ See Truth , Love , and Mercy in triumph descending ,
 „ And Nature all glowing in Eden’s first bloom !
 „ On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are
 blending ,
 „ And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb .

James Beattie.

S o n g.

Hard is the fate of him who loves ,
 Yet dares not tell his trembling pain ,
 But to the Sympathetic groves ,
 But to the lonely listening plain .
O ! when she blesses next your shade ,
 Oh ! when her footsteps next are seen
 In flowery tracts along the mead ,
 In fresher mazes o’er the green ,

The gentle spirits of the vale,
 To whom the tears of love are dear
 From dying lilies waft a gale,
 And sigh my sorrows in her ear.
 O tell her what she cannot blame,
 Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind;
 Oh tell her that my virtuous flame
 Is, as her spotless soul, refin'd.
 Not her own guardian angel eyes
 With chafter tenderness his care,
 Not purer her own wishes rise,
 Not holier her own sighs in prayer.
 But if at first, her virgin fear,
 Should start at love's suspected name,
 With that of friendship soothe her ear —
 True love and friendship are the same.

Thomson.

Epigram. Chloe.

Chloe new-marry'd looks on men no more;
 Why then 'tis plain for what she look'd before.

W. Walsh Esq.

Belinda. *)

Belinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
 United, cast so fierce a light,
 As quickly flashes, quickly dies,
 Wounds not the heart, but burns the sight.
 Love is all gentleness, all joy;
 Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace.
 Her Cupid is a black-guard boy,
 That runs his link fell in your face.

*) *S. the female spectator.*

O d e.

Tell me thou soul of her I love,
 Ah tell me, whither art thou fled;
 To what delightful world above,
 Appointed for the happy dead?
 Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
 And sometimes share thy lover's woe;
 Where void of thee, his cheerless home
 Can now, alas! no comfort know?
 Oh if thou hover'st round my walk,
 While under every well known tree,
 I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
 And every tear is full of thee:

Should then the weary eye of grief,
 Beside some sympathetic stream,
 In slumber find a short relief,
 O visit thou my soothing dream.

Thomson,

A n a c r e o n t i c.

'T was in a cool Aonian glade,
 The wanton Cupid, spent with toil,
 Had sought refreshment from the shade ;
 And stretch'd him on the mossy soil.
 A vagrant muse drew nigh, and found
 The subtle traitor fast asleep ;
 And is it thine to snore profound,
 She said, yet leave the world to weep ?
 But hush — from this auspicious hour,
 The world, I ween, may rest in peace ;
 And robb'd of darts, and stript of pow'r,
 Thy peevish petulance decrease.
 Sleep on, poor child ! whilst I withdraw ;
 And this thy vile artillery hide —
 When the Castalian fount she saw,
 And plung'd his arrows in the tide.
 That magic fount — ill-judging maid !
 Shall cause you soon to curse the day

You dar'd the shafts of love invade;
 And gave his arms redoubled sway.
 For in a stream so wonderous clear,
 When angry Cupid searches round,
 Will not the radiant points appear?
 Will not the furtive spoils be found?
 Too soon they were; and every dart,
 Dipt in the muse's mystic spring,
 Acquir'd new force to wound the heart;
 And taught at once to love and sing.
 Then farewell ye Picrian quire;
 For who will now your altars throng?
 From love we learn to swell the lyre;
 And Echo ask no sweeter song.

Shenstone.

Amoret and Phillis.

As Amoret and Phillis sat
 One ev'ning on the plain,
 She saw the charming Strephon wait,
 To tell the nymph his pain.
 The threat'ning danger to remove,
 She whisper'd in her ear:
 Ah Phillis! if you wou'd not love,
 This shepherd do not hear.

None ever had so strange an art
 His passion to convey
 Into a list'ning virgin's heart,
 And steal her heart away.
 Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
 Occasion for your fate.
 In vain, said she, in vain I strive;
 Alas! it is too late.

S. Lond. Mag. March. 1745.

A Dialogue between Fancy and Desire.

- F.** Come hither, shepher'd swain.
D. Sir, what do you require?
F. I pray thee shew thy name.
D. My name is fond desire.
F. When wast thou born, desire?
D. In pomp and pride of May.
F. Tell me, who was thy nurse.
D. Sweet youth and sugar'd joys.
F. What was thy meat and dainty food?
D. Sad sighs and great anuoys.
F. What hast thou for to drink?
D. Un savory lover's tears.
F. What cradle wast thou rocked in?
D. In love devoid of fears.

F. What lull'd thee then asleep ?

D. Sweet speech , which likes me best,

F. Tell me , where is thy dwelling place ?

D. In gentle hearts I rest

F. What thing doth please thee most ?

D. To gaze on beauty still.

F. Whom dost thou think to be thy foe ?

D. Disdain of my good will.

F. Doth company displease ?

D. Yea sure , many a one.

F. Where doth Desire delight to live ?

D. He loves to live alone.

F. Doth either time or age

Bring him to decay ?

D. No , no , Desire both lives and dies

Ten thousand times a day.

F. Then , fond Desire , farewell ,

Thou art no meat for me ;

I should be loath to dwell

With such a one as thee.

Dryden's Misc. V. 594.

The modest Question.

Can love be controul'd by advice !

Can madness and reason agree !

O Molly , who'd ever be wise,
 If madness is loving of thee ?
 Let sages pretend to despise
 The joys , they want spirit to taste ;
 Let me seize old time , as he flies ,
 And the blessings of life , while they last .
 Dull wisdom but adds to our care ,
 Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy ;
 Too soon we may meet with grey hairs ,
 Too late may repent being coy .
 Then Molly , for what should we stay ,
 Till our best blood begins to run cold ;
 Our youth we can have but to day ,
 We may always find time to grow old .

Gent. May. 1742. Nov.

D e l i a.

The lovely Delia smiles again !
 That killing frown has left her brow :
 Can she forgive my jealous pain ,
 And give me back my angry vow ?
 Love is an April's doubtful day :
 Awhile we see the tempest low'r ;
 Anon the radiant heav'n survey ,
 And quite forget the fitting show'r .

The flow'rs, that hung their languid head,
Are burnish'd by the transient suns;
The vines their wonted tendrils spread,
And double verdure gilds the plains.
The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less
Beneath the pow'r of rain and wind,
In every raptur'd note, express
The joy I feel - when thou art kind.

Shenstone.

The Wish.

Oh be thou blest with all that heav'n can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure and a friend!
Not with those toys the female world admire;
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
Let joy, or ease, let affluence, or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well-spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face!
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear,
And ah! since Death must that lov'd frame destroy,
Die by a sudden Extacy of joy:
Or let thy soul in some soft dream remove,
And be thy latest gasp a sigh of love!

Pope's Misc.

Cynthia.

Cynthia frowns, whene'er I woo her,

Yet she's vext, if I give over;

Much she fears, I should undo her,

But much more, to lose her lover.

Thus in doubting she refuses,

And not winning thus she loses.

Prythee, Cynthia, look behind you,

Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you,

Then too late desire will find you,

When the power doth forsake you.

Think, oh! think, the sad condition,

To be past, yet wish fruition.

Congreve.

To Flavia.

Flavia the least and slightest toy,

Can with restless art employ,

This Fan, in meaner hands would prove

An engine of small force in love;

Yet she, with gracefull air and mien,

Not to be told, or safely seen,

Directs its wanton motion so,

That it wounds more, than Cupid's bow;

Gives Coolness to the matchless Dame
To ev'ry other breast a flame.

Atterbury

Bishop of Rochester,

The self Examination by a Lady.

Why throbs my heart when he appears ?
From whence this tender sigh ?
Why are my eyes dissolv'd in tears,
When he's no longer nigh ?
Where are my wonted pleasures fled ?
Nor books, nor Lyre can please ;
That lies untouched, and these unread,
All occupations tease.
One lov'd idea still employs
All hopes, and all desires ;
Walks are insipid, Music's noise,
And conversation tires.
But when Philander speaks, 'tis them
I all attention pay ;
And fondly wish the pow'r to pen
Whate'er he deigns to say.
O with what skill I strive to hide
The joy my bosom feels,

When he , oft seated by my side ,
 To me his thoughts reveals .
 Wit , sense , and Genius , then conspire
 Each faculty to seize ;
 And while I fondly thus admire ,
 I lose the power to please .
 A pause ensues ; his eyes still speak ,
 As waiting a reply .
 My words in foltering accents break ,
 Or on my lips they die .
 Oh , were Philander once to bear
 In all my wishes a part ;
 And softly whisper in my ear
 The secrets of his heart .
 What pleasure thro' each sense would glide ;
 What transport should I feel ;
 Oh , say my heart , thus sweetly try'd ,
 Couldst thou thy joys conceal ?

Verses written in a Lady's *Sherlok*
 upon Death.

Mistaken fair , lay Sherlok by ,
 His doctrine is deceiving ,
 For , while he teaches us to die ,
 He cheats us of our living .

To die's a lesson we shall know
 Too soon without a master ;
 Then let us only study now ,
 How we may live the faster .
 To live's to love , to bless , be blest
 With mutual inclination ;
 Share then my ardour in your breast ,
 And kindly meet my passion .
 But if thus blest I may not live ,
 And pity you deny ,
 To me at least your Sherlock give ,
 "Tis I must learn to die .

Earl of Chesterfield.

Verses on the French Nation.

A nation here I pity and admire
 Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire ;
 Yet taught by customs farce and bigot fear
 To serve with pride , and boast the yoke , they bear :
 Whose nobles born to cringe and to command ,
 In courts a mean in camps a generous band ,
 From Priests and Stockjobbers content receive
 Those laws their dreaded arms to Europe give ;
 Whose people vain in want , in bondage blest
 Tho' plundered gay , industrious tho' opprest ,

With happy follies rise above their fate;
The jest and envy of a wiser state.

Tel est l'esprit françois, je l'admire & le plains.
Dans son abaissement quel excès de courage!
La tête sous le joug, les lauriers dans les mains
Il cherit à la fois la gloire & l'esclavage.
Ses exploits & sa honte ont rempli l'univers.
Vainqueur dans les combats, enchainé par ses maîtres,
Pillé par des traitans, aveuglé par des prêtres.
Dans la disette il chante, il danse avec ses fers.
Fier dans la servitude, heureux dans sa folie,
De l'Anglois libre & sage il est encore l'envie.

Voltaire.

The Brals of Yarrow. i)

To Lady Jane Home. In imitation of the
ancient scottish manner.

A. Busk ye, 2) busk ye, my bony 3) bony bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome 4) marrow? 5)

M 4

1) The hilly banks of the river Yarrow.

2) Dress ye. 3) Comely. 4) Handsome: 5) Equal,
companion.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bony bride,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bony bony bride?

Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her, where I dare no weil 6) be seen,
Puing 7) the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bony bony bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow.

Nor let thy heart lament to leive 8)

Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

B. Why doth she weep, thy bony bony bride?

Why doth she weep, thy winsome marrow?

And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen

Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow

A. Lang maun 9) she weep, lang maun she, maun
she weep,

Lang maun she weep with dule 10) and sorrow,

And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen

Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

For she hath tint 11) her luver luver dear,

Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow,

And I hae slain the comeliest swain

That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

6) Well. 7) Pulling. 8) Leave. 9) Must 10) Grief.

11) Lost.

Why rins thy stream, o Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?

Why on the braes heard the voice of sorrow,
And why yon melancholeous weids ¹²⁾

Hung on the bony birks of Yarrow?

What yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude? ¹³⁾

What yonder floats? o dule and sorrow?

O 'tis he the comely swain I slew

Upon the duleful braes of Yarrow.

Wash, o wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,

His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,

And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,

Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in waeful wise, ¹⁴⁾

His helpless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,

My arm, that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear, that pierc'd his breast,

His comely breast, on the braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to, not to luve, ¹⁵⁾

And warn from fight? but to my sorrow,

¹²⁾ Cloaths. ¹³⁾ Flood. ¹⁴⁾ Woeful manner.

¹⁵⁾ Lye.

O'er - rashly bald a stronger arm

'Thou met'it, and felst on the braes of Yarrow,
Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the
graſſ,

Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan, 16)

Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,

Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan. 17)

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,

As green its graſſ, its gowan, as yellow,

As sweet smells on its braes the birk,

The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair, fair indeed thy luve,

In floury bands thou him didſt fetter;

Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again

Than me, he never lued thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bony, bony bride,

Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,

Busk ye, and luve me on the banks of Tweed,

And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bony, bony bride?

How can I busk a winsome marrow?

How luve him on the banks of Tweed,

That slew my luve on the braes of Yarrow?

16) 'The common yellow crowfoot, or goldcap.'

17) Flowing.

O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,

Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,

For there was basely slain my luv,

My luv, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,

His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing,

Ah! wretched me! I little, little ken'd, 18)

He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,

Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,

But e'er the toofal 19) of the night

He lay a corps on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoyc'd that waeful, waeful day;

I sang, my voice the woods returning,

But lang e'er night the spear was flown,

That slew my luv, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,

But with his cruel rage pursue me?

My louver's blood is on thy spear,

How can't thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,

With cruel and ungentle scoffin', 20)

May bid me seek on Yarrow braes

My louver nailed in his coffin.

18) Knew. 19) Twilight, 20) Contemptuous ridicule.

My brother Douglas may upbraid , upbaid ,
 And strive with threatening words to move me :
 My luver's blood is on thy spear ,
 How canst thou ever bid me lufe thee ?
 Yes , yes , prepare the bed , the bed of lufe ,
 With bridal shcts my body cover !
 Unbar , ye bridal maids , the door ,
 Let in the exspectet husband lover !
 But who the exspectet husband , husband is ?
 His hands , me thinks , are bath'd in slaughter .
 Ah me ! what ghastly specter's yon ,
 Comes , in his pale shroud , bleeding ofter ?
 Pale as he is , here lay him , lay him down ,
 O lay his cold head on my pillow ;
 Take aff , take aff these bridal weids ,
 And crown my careful head with willow .
 Pale tho' thou art , yet best , yet best beluv'd ,
 O could my warmth to life restore thee !
 Yet lye all night between my breists ,
 No youth lay ever there before thee .
 Pale , pale indeed , o lively , lively youth ,
 Forgive , forgive so foul a slaughter ,
 And lye all night between my breists ,
 No youth shall ever lye there after .
 A. Return , return , o mournful , mournful bride ,
 Return and dry thy useless sorrow !

Thy luver heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corps in the brals of Yarrow.

*Will. Hamilton, *)*

S o n g

Freedom is a real treasure,
Love a dream, all false and vain,
Short, uncertain is the pleasure,
Sure and lasting is the pain.

A sincere and tender passion
Some ill planet overrules;

*) William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq. a gentleman of an opulent fortune, and of an ancient and honourable family in Scotland, was born 1704. and died March 25, 1754. at Lyons. A collection of several of his poems was first published at Glasgow 1748, and afterwards reprinted, not only without his name, but without his consent, and even without his knowledge. The best edition appeared at Edinburgh 1760. 8. with the Author's improvements and the addition of many valuable pieces taken from his own original manuscripts.

Ah, how blind is inclination ?
Fate and Women dote on fools.

R. Wolfeley. Esq.

Dryden's Misc. II. 248.

Love Disarm'd.

Beneath a Myrtle's verdant shade,
As Cloe half asleep was laid,
Cupid perch'd lightly on her breast,
And in that heav'n desir'd to rest:
Over her Faps his wings he spread;
Between he found a downy bed,
And nestl'd in his little head.
Still lay the God - The Nymph surpriz'd,
Yet Mistress of herself, devis'd,
How she the vagrant might enthrall,
And captive him, who captivates all.
Her Bodice half way she unlac'd
About his Arms she sly cast
The filken Bond, and held him fast.
The God awak'd; and thrice in vain
He strove to break the cruel Chain;
And thrice in vain he shook his wing,
Incumber'd in the silken string.

Flutt'ring the God, and weeping said,
Pity poor Cupid, generous maid,
Who happen'd, being Blind, to stray,
And on thy bosom, lost his way:
Who stray'd, alas! but knew too well,
He never there must hope to dwell.
Set an unhappy Pris'ner free,
Who ne'er intended harm to thee.
To me pertains not, she replies,
To know or care where Cupid flies;
What are his Haunts, or which his way;
Where he would dwell, or whither stray:
Yet will I never set thee free:
For harm was meant, and harm to me.
Vain fears that vex thy Virgin heart!
I'll give thee up my Bow and Dart:
Untangle but this cruel Chain,
And freely let me fly again.
Agreed: Secure my Virgin heart:
Instant give up thy Bow and Dart:
The Chain I'll in Return unty;
And freely thou again shalt fly.
Thus she the Captive did deliver;
The Captive thus gave up his Quiver.
The God disarm'd, e'er since that day
Passes his Life in harmless play;

Flies round, or sits upon her breast,
 A little, flott'ring, idle Guest.
 E'er since that day the beauteous maid
 Governs the world in Cupid's stead ;
 Directs his Arrow as she wills ;
 Gives grief, or pleasure ; spares, or kills.

Prior,

The Relapse.

Like children in a starry night,
 When I beheld those eyes before,
 I gaz'd with wonder and delight,
 Insensible of all their pow'r.
 I play'd about the flame so long,
 At last I felt the scorching fire ;
 My hopes were weak, my passion strong,
 And I lay dying with desire.
 By all the helps of human art,
 I just recover'd so much sense,
 As to avoid, with heavy heart,
 The fair, but fatal influence.
 But, since you shine away despair,
 And now my fighs no longer shun,
 No Persian in his Zealous pray'r
 So much adores the rising sun.

If once again my vows displease,
 There never was so lost a lover;
 In love, that languishing disease;
 A sad relapse we ne'er recover.

Sheffield Duke of Buckingham.

T h e S p e l l.

Whene'er I wive, young Strephon cry'd,
 Ye pow'rs that o'er the noose preside!
 Wit, beauty, wealth, and humour give,
 Or, let me still a rover live,
 But if all these no nymphs can share,
 And I'm destin'd to the snare,
 Let mine, ye pow'rs! be doubly fair.
 Thus pray'd the swain in heat o' blood,
 Whilst Cupid at his elbow stood;
 And twitching him, said, youth be wise,
 Ash not impossibilities:
 A faultless make, a manag'd wit,
 Humour and fortune never meet:
 But if a beauty you'd obtain,
 Court some bright Phillis o'the brain;
 The dear idea long enjoy,
 Clean is the bliss, and will not cloy,
 But trust me, youth, for I'm sincere,

And know the Ladies to a hair;
 Howe'er small poets whine upon it,
 In madrigal, and Song, and Sonnet;
 Their beautys but a *Spell* to bring
 A Lover to th' enchanted ring:
 Ere the Sack posset is digested,
 Or half of hymen's taper wasted,
 The winning air the wanton trip,
 The radiant eye, the velvet Lip,
 From which you fragrant kisses stole,
 And seem to such her springing soul, —
 These, and the rest, you doted on,
 Are nauseous or insipid grown;
 The *Spell* dissolves, the cloud is gone,
 And Sacharissa turns to Joan.

George Stepney Esq.

In the room of the Emperours at the
 Capitol.

Rome, April 18. 1783.

Beneath the Capitol's majestik dome
 Amidst the mighty Chiefs of ancient Rome
 At Marc-Aurelius, as I chanc'd to gaze,
 A sudden change I view'd with deep amaze
 The smile benignant, from his features broke

And strange to tell, the living marble spoke.
 „ How long must I the look insulting bear
 „ Of yon tyranic Nero's impious air?
 „ Remove that bust, and if to fill the place
 „ You seek some hero, who these walls may grace,
 „ Some Chief, who makes his country's good his aim
 „ Who treads the glorious path of honest fame,
 „ Who makes philosophy religion's cause
 „ Whom no deceit allures, no precept awes,
 „ Who gives new vigour to his warlike bands
 „ And emulates the virtue, he commands,
 „ Whose active mind indignant scorns repose,
 „ Whom prejudice and art in vain oppose,
 „ Who frees from chains the body and the mind,
 „ In Austria's Caesar such a Chief you'll find.

Mrs. Knight.

To O. Cromwell.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detraction's rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 'To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plow'd,
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursu'd,
 While Darwen streams with blood of Scots imbru'd,

And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
 To conquer still ; peace hath her victories
 No less renown'd than war : New foes arise,
 Threatning to bind our souls with secular chains.
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

Milton.

The Spanish Zeal for Religion.

No Jesuit e'er took in hand,
 To plant a church in barren land :
 Nor ever thought it worth the while,
 A Swede or Russ to reconcile.
 For where there is no store of wealth,
 Souls are not worth the charge of health ;
 Spain in America had two designs,
 To sell their gospel for their mines,
 For had the Mexicans been poor,
 No Spaniard had landed on the shore.
 'Twas gold the catholick religion planted,
 Which had they wanted gold, they still had wanted.

Butler.

A Sea - Piece: containing :

I. The British Sailor's Exultation.

II. His Prayer before Engagement.

The Dedication to Mr. Voltaire.

I.

My muse a bird of passage, flies
 From frozen climes to milder skies
 From chilling blasts she seeks thy chearing beam,
 A beam of favour, here deny'd;
 Conscious of faults, her blushing pride
 Hopes an asylum in so great a name.

II.

To dive full deep in ancient days,
 The warrior's ardent deeds to raise,
 And monarchs aggrandize; the glory, thine;
 Thine is the drama, how renown'd?
 Thine, epic's loftier trump to sound; —
 But let Arion's sea-strung harp be mine.

III.

But where's his Dolphin? know'st thou, where?
 May that be found in thee, Voltaire!
 Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
 How will thy name illustrious raise
 My sinking song? mere mortal lays,
 So patroniz'd, are rescu'd from the grave.

IV.

'Tell me, say'st thou, who courts my smile ?
 'What stranger stray'd from yonder isle ?
 No stranger, Sir ! tho' born in foreign climes :
 On Dorset downs, when Milton's page ,
 With sin and death, provok'd thy rage ,
 Thy rage provok'd, who sooth'd with gentle rhymes ?

V.

Who kindly couch'd thy censure's eye ,
 And gave thee clearly to descry
 Sound judgement giving law to fancy strong ?
 Who half inclin'd thee to confess ,
 Nor could thy modesty do less ,
 That Milton's blindness lay not in his song ?

VI.

But such debates long since are flown ;
 For ever set the suns that shone
 On airy pastimes, ere our brows were grey ;
 How shortly shall we both forget ,
 To thee my patron, I my debt ,
 And thou to thine ; for Prussia's golden key.

VII.

The present in oblivion cast ,
 Full soon shall sleep , as sleeps the past ;
 Full soon the wide distinction die between
 The frowns and favours of the great ;

High - flush'd success, and pale defeat;
The Gallic gaiety, and British spleen.

VIII.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments! stay: —
O friend! as deaf, as rapid, they;
Life's little drama done, the curtain falls! —
Dost thou not hear it? I can hear,
Though nothing strikes the list'ning ear;
Time groans his last! Eternal loudly calls!

IX.

Nor calls in vain; the call inspires
Far other counsels, and desires,
Than once prevail'd; we stand on higher ground;
What scenes we see? — Exalted aim!
With ardors new, our spirits flame;
Ambition blest! with more than laurels crown'd.

A Sea-Peace.

Ode the first the British Sailor's Exultation.

I.

In lofty sounds let those delight,
Who brave the foe, but fear the fight;
And bold in words, of arms decline the stroke:
'Tis mean to boast; but great to lend

To foes the counsel of a friend,
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

II.

From whence arise these loud alarms?
Why gleams the south with brandish'd arms?
War bath'd in blood, from curst ambition springs:
Ambition mean! ignoble pride!

Perhaps their ardors my subside,
When weigh'd the wonders Britain's sailor sings.

III.

Hear, and revere. — At Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood,
Hastes the huge oak, or shadeless forest leaves;
The mountain pines assume new forms,
Spread canvas wings, and fly thro' storms,
And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

IV.

She nods again: the labouring earth
Discloses a tremendous birth;
In smoaking rivers runs her molten ore;
Thence, monsters of enormous size,
And hideous aspect, threat'ning rise.
Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.

V.

These ministers of fate fulfil,
On empires wide, an island's will,

When thrones unjust wake vengeance; know, ye pow'rs!

In sudden night, and ponderous balls,

And floods of flame, the tempest falls,

When brave Britannia's awful Senate lows.

VI.

In her grand council she surveys

In patriot picture, what may raise,

Of insolent attempts, a warm disdain;

From hope's triumphing summit thrown,

Like darted lightning, swiftly down,

The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

VII.

Britannia sheaths her courage keen,

And spares her nitrous magazine,

Her cannon slumber, till the proud aspire.

And leave all law below them; then they blaze!

They thunder from resounding seas.

Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

VIII.

Then furies rise! the battle raves!

And rends the skies! and warms the waves!

And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,

In spite of nature, spite of Jove,

While all serene, and hush'd above,

Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.

IX.

A thousand deaths the bursting bomb
 Hurls from her disembowel'd womb ;
 Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance, join'd,
 Red-wing'd by strong sulphurious blasts,
 Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men and masts ;
 And leave sing'd, naked, blood-drown'd, decks be-
 hind.

X.

Dwarf laurels rise in tented fields ;
 The wreath immortal, ocean yields ;
 There war's whole sting is shot, whole fire is spent,
 Whole glory blooms : how pale, how tame,
 How lambent is Bellona's flame ?
 How her storms languish on the continent ?

XI.

From the dread front of ancient war
 Less terror frown'd ; her Scythed car,
 Her castled elephant, and blatt'ring beam,
 Stoop to those engines which deny
 Superior terrors to the sky ,
 And boast their clouds, their thunder, and their flame.

XII.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
 The night by day, the sea of blood ,
 Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of shaking throngs ,

The graveless dead , an ocean warm'd,
A firmament by mortals storm'd,
To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

XIII.

Or do I dream! or do I rave?
Or see I Vulcan's sooty cave.
Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers frame?
Those swarthy gods of toil and heat,
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

XIV.

Ye Sons of Etna ! hear my call ;
Unfinish'd let those baubles fall ,
Yon shield of Mars , Minerva's helmet blue :
Your strokes suspend , ye brawny throng !
Charm'd by the magic of my song ,
Drop the feign'd thunder , and attempt the true.

XV.

Begin : and , first , take rapid flight ,
Fierce flame , and clouds of thickest night ,
And ghastly terror , paler than the dead ;
Then , borrow from the north his roar ,
Mix groans and deaths ; one phial pour
Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath ; and it is made ;
Gaul tarts , and trembles , — at your dreadful trade.

Ode the Second in which is the Sailor's Prayer before Engagement.

I.
 So form'd the bolt, ordain'd to break
 Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon shake ;
 If Britain's crimes support not Britain's foes,
 And edge their swords : O Pow'r Divine ?
 If blest by thee the bold design,
 Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

II.
 Ye warlike dead, who fell of old
 In Britain's cause, by fame enroll'd,
 In deathless annal ! deathless deeds inspire ;
 From oozy beds, for Britain's sake,
 Awake, illustrious Chiefs, awake.
 And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

III.
 The day commission'd from above,
 Our worth to weigh our hearts to prove,
 If war's full shock too feeble to sustain ;
 Or firm to stand its final blow,
 When vital streams of blood shall flow,
 And turn to crimson the discolour'd main.

IV.
 That day's arriv'd, that fatal hour ! —
 „ Hear us, o hear, Almighty Pow'r !

, Our guide in counsel, and our strength in sight!
 , Now war's important die is thrown;
 , If left the day to man alone,
 , How blind is wisdom, and how weak is might?

V.

, Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,
 , And deep remorse, and sighs sincere
 , For Britain's guilt, the wrath divine appease;
 , A wrath, more formidable far
 , Than angry nature's wasteful war,
 , The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

VI.

From out the deep, to thee we cry,
 To thee, at nature's helm on high!
 Steer thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence!
 To thee for succour we resort;
 Thy favour is our only port;
 Our only rock of safety, thy defence.

VII.

O thou, to whom the Sions roar,
 And not unheard thy boen implore!
 Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke;
 Thou canst arrest the flying ball;
 Or send it back, and bid it fall
 On those, from whose proud deck the thunder broke,

VIII.

Britain, in vain, extends her care
 To climes remote, for aids in war;
 Still farther must it stretch to crush the foe;
 There's one alliance, one alone,
 Can crown her arms, or fix her throne;
 And that alliance is not found below.

IX.

Ally Supreme! we turn to thee;
 We learn obedience from the sea;
 With seas and winds, henceforth thy laws fulfil;
 'Tis thine our blood to freeze, or warm;
 To rouze or hush, the martial storm;
 And turn the tide of conquest at thy will.

X.

'Tis thine to beam sublime renown,
 Or quench the glories of a crown;
 'Tis thine to doom, 'tis thine from death to free;
 Or turn aside his levell'd dart,
 Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:
 There we cast anchor, we confide in thee.

XI.

Thou, who hast taught the north to roar,
 And streaming lights nocturnal pour
 Of frightful aspect! when proud foes invade,
 Their blasted bride with dread to seize,

Bid Britain's flags, as meteors blaze:
And George depute to thunder in thy stead.

XII.

The right alone is bold and strong;
Black, hovering clouds appal the wrong
With dread of vengeance: — Nature's awful Sire!
Less than one moment shouldst thou frown;
Where is puissance, and renown?
Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds expire.

XIII.

Let George the just chastise in vain:
Thou, who dost curb the rebel main,
To mount the shore when boiling billows rave!
Bid George repel a bolder tide,
The boundless swell of Gallic pride;
And check ambition's overwhelming wave.

XIV.

And when (all milder means withheld)
Ambition, tamed by loss of blood,
Regains her reason; then, on angels wings,
Let peace descend, and shouting greet;
With peals of joy, Britannia's fleet,
How richly freighted! it triumphant brings
The poise of kingdoms, and the fate of kings.

Edward Young.

S o n g.

MY dear mistress hath a heart

Soft, as those kind looks she gave me,
When, with love's resistless art

And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy's so weak,

She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,

Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,

Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;

She can dress her eyes in love,

And her lips can warm with kisses.

Angels listen, when she speaks,

She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;

But my jealous heart would break,

Should we live one day asunder.

Earl of Rochester.

R o n d e l a y.

Chloe found Amyntas lying,

All in tears, upon the plain;
Sighing to himself, and crying;

Wretched I, to love in vain !

Kiss

Kiss me, dear, before my dying;

Kiss me once, and eas'd my pain!

II.

Sighing to himself, and crying,

Wretched I, to love in vain!

Ever scorning and denying

To reward your faithful swain:

Kiss me, dear, before my dying;

Kiss me once, and eas'd my pain!

III.

Ever scorning, and denying

To reward your faithful swain.

Chloe, laughing at his crying,

Told him, that he lov'd in vain:

Kiss me, dear, before my dying;

Kiss me once, and eas'd my pain!

IV.

Chloe, laughing at his crying,

Told him, that he lov'd in vain:

But repenting, and complying,

When he kiss'd, she kiss'd again;

Kiss'd him up before his dying;

Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

J. Dryden.

On the Death of a Lady's Dog.

Thou, happy creature, art secure
 From all the torments we endure:
Despair, Ambition, Jealousy,
 Lost friends, nor Love, disquiet thee;
A sullen prudence drew thee hence
 From noise fraud, and impertinence,
 Tho' Life essay'd the surest wile,
 Gilding itself with Laura's smile.
 How didst thou scorn Life's meaner charms,
 Thou who cou'dst break from Laura's arms!
 Poor cynic! still methinks I hear
 Thy awful murmurs in my ear;
 As when on Laura's Lap you lay,
 Chiding the worthless crowd away.
 How fondly human passions turn!
 What we then envy'd, now we mourn!

Wentworth Earl of Roscommon.

To Sylvia.

Why like a tyrant wilt thou reign,
 When thou may'st rule the willing mind?
 Can the poor pride of giving pain
 Repay the joys, that wait the kind?

I curse my fond enduring heart,
 Which scorn'd presumes not to be free;
 Condemn'd to feel a double smart,
 To hate myself, and burn for thee.

*Nugent. *)*

*) *Festoon*, pag. 78.

S o n g.

1.
 Phillis, for shame let us improve
 A thousand diff'rent ways,
 Those few short moments snatch'd by Love,
 From many tedious days.

2.

If you want courage to despise
 The censure of the grave,
 Thou Love's a Tyrant in your eyes,
 Your heart is but a Slave.

3.

My Love is full of noble pride,
 Nor can it e'er submit,
 To let that fop, discretion, ride
 In triumph over it.

4.

False friends I have, as well as you.
 Who daily counsel me
 Fame and Ambition to pursue,
 And leave off Loving thee.

5.

But when the least regard I shew
 To fools, — who thus advise,
 May I be dull enough to grow
 Most miserably wise.

To the Earl of Dorset.

On his Mistress Drown'd.

Sweet stream, that dost with equal pace
 Both thyself flye and thyself chace,
 Forbear awhile to flow
 And listen to my woe.
 Then go and tell the sea that all its brine
 Is fresh, compar'd to mine,
 Inform it that the gentler dame,
 Who was the Life of all my flame,
 In th' glory of her bud
 Has pass'd the fatal flood,
 Death by this only stroke triumphs above,
 The greatest power of Love :

Alas ! Alas ! I must give o'er,
My sighs will let me add no more.

Go on, sweet stream, and henceforth rest
No more than does my troubled breast ;
And if my sad complaints have made thee stay

These Tears, these Tears shall mend thy Way.

Atterbury

Bishop of Rochester.

The Picture. In Imitation of Anacreon.

Thou flatterer of all the fair,
Come with all your skill and care ;
Draw me such a shape and face,
As your flatt'ry would disgrace.
Wish not that she would appear ;
"Tis well for you she is not here ;
Scarce can you with safety see
All her charms describ'd by me :
I, alas ! the danger know ;
I, alas ! have felt the blow ;
Mourn, as lost, my former days,
That never sung of Celia's praise ;
And those few that are behind
I shall blest or wretched find,
Only just as she is kind.

With her tempting eyes begin,
Eyes that would draw angels in
To a second, sweeter sin.

Oh, those wanton rolling eyes!

At each glance a lover dies:

Make them bright, yet make them willing;
Let them look both kind and killing.

Next, draw her forehead; then her nose,

And lips just op'ning, that disclose

Teeth so bright, and breath so sweet,

So much beauty, so much wit,

To our very soul they strike,

All our senses pleas'd alike.

But so pure a white and red,

Never, never can be said:

What are words in such a case?

What is paint to such a face?

How should either art avail us?

Fancy here itself must fail us.

In her Looks, and in her mien,

Such a graceful air is seen,

That if you, with all your art,

Can but reach the smallest part;

Next to her, the matchless she,

We shall wonder most at thee.

Then her neck, and breasts, and hair,

And her — but my charming fair
 Does in a thousand things excel,
 Which I must not, dare not tell.
 How go on then? oh! I see,
 A lovely *Venus* drawn by thee;
 Oh how fair she does appear?
 Touch it only here and there.
 Make her yet seem more divine,
 Your *Venus* then may look like mine,
 Whose bright form if once you saw,
 You by her would *Venus* draw.

Sheffield Duke of Buckingham.

In Imitation of Anacreon.

Let 'em censure: what care I?
 The herd of Criticks I defy.
 Let the wretches know, I write
 Regardless of their Grace, or Spite.
 No, no: the Fair, the Gay, the Young
 Govern the Numbers of my Song.
 All that they approve is sweet:
 And all is Sense, that they repeat.
 Bid the warbling Nine retire:
Venus, string thy Servant's Lyre:
 Love shall be my endless Theme:

Pleasure shall triumph over Fame :
 And when these Maxims I decline,
Apollo, may thy fate be mine;
 May I grasp at empty praise ;
 And lose the Nymph, to gain the bays.

Prior.

To Florella. *)

Why will Florella, while I gaze,
 My ravish'd eyes reprove,
 And chide them from the only face
 They can behold with love ?
 To shun your scorn, and ease my care,
 I seek a nymph more kind ;
 And, while I rove from fair to fair,
 Still gentle usage find.
 But oh ! how faint is every joy,
 Where nature hath no part ;
 New beauties may my eyes employ,
 But you engage my heart.

*) S. Poetical Miscellanies, consisting of original poems and translations by the best hands; published by Mr. Steele. London for J. Tonson.

1714. 8. p. 211. Chesterfield's Letters. l. 135.

So restless exiles, doom'd to roam,

Meet pity every where;

Yet languish for their native home,

Tho' death attends them there.

S o n g.

Come, gentle God of soft desire!

Come and possess my happy breast,

Not fury-like in flames and fire,

Or frantic folly's wildness dreft;

But come in friendship's angel-guise:

Yet dearer thou than friendship art,

More tender spirit in thy eyes,

More sweet emotions at the heart.

O come with goodness in thy train,

With peace and pleasure void of storm;

And wouldst thou me for ever gain,

Put on Amanda's winning form.

Thomson.

S o n g.

False, tho' she be to me and love,

I'll ne'er pursue revenge;

For still the Charmer I approve,

Tho' I deplore her change,

In hours of bliss we oft have met,

'They could not always last;

And tho' the present I regret,

I'm grateful for the past.

Congreve.

E l c g y.

Still shall unthinking man substantial deem
 The forms that fleet through life's deceitful dream ?
 On clouds, where Fancy's beam amusive plays,
 Shall heedless hope the towering fabric raise ?
 Till at Death's touch the fairy visions fly,
 And real Scenes rush dismal on the eye ;
 And from Elysium's balmy slumber torn
 The startled soul awakes to think and mourn.

O ye, whose hours in jocund train advance,
 Whose Spirits to the song of gladness dance,
 Who flowery vales in endless view survey
 Glittering in beams of visionary day ;
 O yet, while Fate delays th' impending woe,
 Be rous'd to thought, anticipate the blow ;
 Lest, like the lightning's glance, the sudden ill
 Flash to compound, and penetrate to kill ;

Lest, thus encompass'd with funeral gloom,
Like me, ye bend o'er some untimely tomb,
Pour your wild ravings in Night's frighted ear,
And half pronounce Heaven's sacred doom severe.

Wise, Beauteous, Good! O every grace combined,
That charms the eye, or captivates the mind!
Fair as the floweret opening on the morn,
Whose leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn!
Sweet, as the downy-pinion'd gale, that roves
To gather fragrance in Arabian groves!
Mild as the strains, that, at the close of day,
Warbling remote, along the vales decay! —
Yet why with these compared? what tints so fine,
What sweetness, mildness, can be matched with thine?
Why roam abroad? since still, to Fancy's eyes,
I see, I see thy lovely forms arise.
Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
Gaze on that cheek, where all the Graces smile;
That soul expressing eye, benignly bright,
Where meekness beams ineffable delight;
That brow, where Wisdom sits enthron'd serene,
Each feature forms, and signifies the mien:
Still let me listen, while her words impart
The sweet effusions of the blameless heart,
Till all my soul, each tumult charm'd away,
Yields, gently led, to Virtue's easy sway.

By thee inspired, o Virtue, Age is young,
 And musick warbles from the faltering tongue :
 Thy ray creative chears the clouded brow,
 And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,
 Brightens the joyless aspect, and Supplies
 Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes :
 But when Youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
 Resists on the view the glory streams ,
 Love, Wonder, Joy, alternately alarm,
 And Beauty dazzles with angelic charm.

Ah whither fled ! — ye dear illusions stay —
 Lo, pale and silent lies the lovely clay. —
 How are the roses on that cheek decay'd ,
 Which late the purple light of youth display'd ?
 Health on her form each sprightly grace bestow'd
 With life and thought each speaking feature glow'd.
 Fair was the flower, and soft the vernal sky ;
 Elate with hope we deem'd no tempest nigh ;
 When lo , a whirlwind's instantaneous gust
 Lest all its beauties withering in the dust.

All cold the hand, that sooth'd woe's weary head !
 And quench'd the eye, the pitying tear that shed !
 And mute the voice, whose pleasing accents stole ,
 Infusing balm, into the rankled soul !
 O Death, why arm with cruelty thy power ,
 And spare the idle weed, yet lop the flower !

Why fly thy shafts in lawless error driven!
 Is Virtue then no more the care of Heaven! —
 But peace, bold thought! be still my bursting heart!
 We, not Eliza, felt the fatal dart.
 Scaped the dark dungeon does the slave complain?
 Nor bless the hand that broke the galling chain?
 Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,
 On this dark wild condemn'd to roam forlorn?
 Where reason's meteor-rays, with sickly glow,
 O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw?
 Disclosing dubious to the affrighted eye
 O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,
 Black billowy seas in storm perpetual tossed,
 And weary ways in wildering labyrinths lost.
 O happy stroke, that bursts the bonds of clay,
 Darts thro' the rending gloom the blaze of day,
 And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar,
 Where dangers threat, and fears alarm no more.

Transporting thought! here let me wipe away
 The tear of grief, and wake a bolder lay.
 But ah! the swimming eye overflows anew,
 Nor check the sacred drops to pity due;
 Lo, where in speechless, hopeless anguish, bond
 O'er her loved dust, the Parent, Brother, Friend!
 How vain the hope of man! — But cease thy strain,
 Nor Sorrow's dread solemnity profane;

Mix'd with you drooping Mourners, on her bier
In silence shed the sympathetic tear.

James Beattie.

A Song to a fair young Lady going out
of the Town in the Spring.

I.
Ask not the cause, why full Spring
So long delays her flow'rs to bear;
Why warbling birds forget to sing,
And winter-storms invert the year:
Chloris is gone, and Fate provides
To make it Spring, where she resides.

II.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;
She cast not back a pitying eye;
But left her lover in despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die:
Ah! how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure!

III.

Great god of love, why hast thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of ev'ry land?

Where thou hadst plac'd such pow'r before,
Thou should'st have made her mercy more.

IV.

When Chloris to the temple comes,

Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can restore the dead from tombs,

And every life but mine recal.

I only am by love design'd

To be the victim for mankind.

J. Dryden.

M y M i s t r e c f s.

Sweet are the Charms of her I love,

More fragrant, than the damask - rose,

Soft, as the downs of turtle - dove,

Gentle, as air, when Zephyr blows;

Refreshing, as descending rains

To sun - burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True, as the needle to the pole,

Or as the dial to the sun,

Constant, as gliding waters roll,

Whose swelling tides obey the moon;

From ev'ry other charmer free,

My love and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowry thyme devours;
 The dam the tender kid pursues;
 Sweet Philomel in shady bow'rs
 Of verdant spring her notes renewes;
 All follow, what they most admire,
 As I pursue my Soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
 And vary, as the seasons rise;
 As winter to the spring gives place,
 Sumner th' approach of autumn flies:
 No change on love the seasons bring;
 Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow,
 Ev'n marble tow'rs and walls of brass
 In his rude march he levels low;
 But time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,
 The gentle Godhead can remove,
 And drive him from the bleeding heart,
 To mingle with the blest above,

Where

Where, known to all his kindred train,

He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister, fair, the soul,

Twin-born from heav'n together came;

Love will the universe controul,

When dying seasons lose their name:

Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,

When time and death shall be no more.

G. Booth.

Good Madam, when ladies are willing,

A man must needs look like a fool
For me, I would give not a shilling

For one, that can love without rule,
At least you should wait for our offers,

Nor snatch like old maids in despair;
If you've liv'd to these years without proffers,

Your sighs are now lost in the air.
You should leave us, to quess at your blushing,

And not speak the matter too plain;
'Tis ours, to be forward and pushing;

'Tis yours, to affect a disdain.

That you' re in a terrible taking
 From all your fond oglings I see;
 But the fruit, that will fall without shaking,
 Indeed is to mellow for me.

Sir Will. Yonge.

The Sky-lark.

Go, tuneful bird, that glad'ft the skies,
 To Daphne's windows speed thy way;
 And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal art display.
 And if she deign [redacted],
 And if she praise thy matin song,
 Tell her, the sounds, that soothe her ear,
 To Damon's native plains belong.
 Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
 The birds from Indian groves may shine,
 But ask the lovely partial maid,
 What are his notes compar'd to thine?
 Then bid her treat you witless beau,
 And all his flaunting rage with scorn,
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
 Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

Shenstone.

Upon young Mr. Rogers of Gloucester-shire.

Of gentle blood, his parents only treasure,
 Their lasting sorrow, and their vanish'd pleasure,
 Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
 A large provision for so short a race;
 More mod'rate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
 To early fitted for a better state;
 But, knowing heav'n his home, to shun delay,
 He leap'd o'er age, and took the shortest way.

J. Dryden.

Song written in the Year 1733.

The heavy hours are almost past,
 That part my love and me;
 My longing eyes may hope at last
 Their only wish to see.
 But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble in your tongue.
 Will you in every look declare,
 Your heart is still the same;
 And heal each idly anxious care,
 Our fears in absence frame.

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
 When shortly we shall meet,
 And try, what yet remains between
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.
 But if the dream, that sooths my mind,
 Shall false and groundless prove,
 If I am doom'd, at length to find,
 You have forgot to love;
 All I of Venus ask, is this,
 No more to let us join,
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
 To die and think you mine.

Lord Lyttleton.

Dirge in Cymbeline.

Sung by Guiderius and Aviragus over Fidele,
 supposed to be dead.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids, and village hinds shall bring
 Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing spring.
 No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove:
 But shepherd lads assemble here
 And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew :
 The female Fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.
 The redbrest oft at ev'ning hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
 To deck the ground, where thou art laid.
 When howling winds, and beating rain,
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell :
 Or midst the chace on ev'ry plain
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.
 Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;
 For thee the tear be duly shed :
 Belov'd, till life could charm no more ;
 And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead.

*Will. Collins. *)*

P 3

*) *Shakespear's Cymbeline. A. IV. sc. 2. Johns.*
and Steevens'ed. IX. 260. William Collins was
 born 1721. He is the author of four oriental
 eclogues and several descriptive and allegorical
 odes. His genius was depressed very much by
 want, and when at last, by the death of a relation,
 he came to a considerable fortune, he
 could no more enjoy it. His faculties had been

S o n g.

While I listen to thy voice,
 Chloris, I feel my life decay;
 That pow'rful noise
 Calls my fleeting soul away.
 Oh ! suppress that magic sound,
 Which destroys without a wound.
 Peace, Chloris, peace ! or singing die;
 That together you and I
 To heav'n may go:
 For all we know
 Of what the blessed do above
 Is, that they sing, and that they love,

Edm. Waller.

so long harassed by anxiety, dissipation and distress, that he fell into a nervous disorder, which brought with it an unconquerable depression of spirits, and at length reduced the finest understanding to the most deplorable childishness.

He died 1756. *S. the poetical works of Mr. W. Collins, with Memoirs of the author, and observations on his Genius and Writing by J. Langborne. London, 1765.* 8.

Florella, *)

Should some perverse malignant star,
 (As envious stars will sometimes shine)

Throw me from my Florella far,

Let not my lovely fair repine,
 If in her absence I should gaze
 With pleasure on another's face.

The wearied pilgrim, when the sun

Hath ended his diurnal race,
 With pleasure sees the friendly moon,

By borrow'd light, supply his place:
 Not, that he slight the God of day,
 But loves ev'n his reflected ray.

*) *Essays on songwriting*, p. 259.

On Mrs. A. F. (probably Arabella Fermor's) leaving London.

From town fair Arabella flies;

The beaux unpowder'd grieve,

The rivers play before her eyes,

The breezes softly breathing rise,

The spring begins to live.

Her lovers swore, they must expire,
 Yet quickly find their ease,
 For, as she goes, their flames retire;
 Love thrives before a nearer fire,
 Esteem by distant rays.
 Yet soon the fair ope will return,
 When summer quits the plain.
 Ye rivers pour the weeping urn,
 Ye breezes sadly sighing mourn,
 Ye lovers burn again!
 'Tis constancy enough in love
 That nature's fairly shewn.
 To search for more will fruitless prove,
 Romances and the turtle dove
 That virtue boast alone.

Parnell. *)

*) *The posthumous works of Dr. Thom. Parnell.* 8.

1758.

The Inchantment of Hervor. A fragment of ancient Poetry.

Hervor.

Awake, Angantyr, once the great, the brave,
 Thy daughter, Hervor, calls thee from the dead;
 Give me the sword low buried in thy grave,

That sword the dwarfs *) for Suafurlama made.
 Hervardur great, and Hiarvardur bold,
 Herany and Angantyr great in arms,
 With helm and steely corslet, warriors old,
 Awake and answer to your Hervor's charms !
 Low lies the tribe of Andgrim, whose delight
 Was bloody war ? Can Evyon's sons no more.
 Speak from the regions of the fable night,
 Which Hervor dares with magic spear explore.
 So may no worms impure the soil afford,
 No noxious vapours your dark hall invade,
 As you produce the glorious belt and sword
 Which erst the dwarfs fer Suafurlama made.

Angantyr.

O daughter Hervor, full of spells and charms,
 Forbear thus to disturb thy ancient line !
 For not with me remain the glorious arms,
 But now with two surviving chiefs they shine.

Hervor.

So Odin hide thee peaceful in the grave,
 As Hervor of Trifingo is beguil'd !
 Art thou unwilling, offspring of the brave,
 To give a doury to thine only child ?

*) Fairies.

Angantyr.

This weapon, daughter, would thy peace destroy,

Thy son to this Trifingo must succeed,

And deeds of blood its powers shall employ,

And thy low'd offspring by its edge shall bleed.

Hervor.

Thus, by enchanted pow'r of magic spell,

I cause that rest forsake your dark domain,

That none within your tomb in peace shall dwell,

Unless Trifingo Hervor shall obtain.

Angantyr.

Beneath my head Hialmor's bane is laid,

What maid so bold the venom'd steel shall wield;

Lo ! circling fires around it are display'd,

Which hissing guard this terror of the field.

Hervor.

Father Angantyr, I shall straight convey

The glorious weapon from the silent urn,

Nor fear the meteor fires, that round it play,

Vain flames, that seem round heroes dead to burn!

Angantyr.

Forbear, rash maid, nor rush upon thy fate;

Rather than thou shouldst tempt the raging flame,

Receive this sword, the cause of strife and hate,

Receive the dow'ry of Angantyr's fame.

Hervor.

Grateful, o prince, the weapon I receive,

Offspring of heroes, thou hast nobly done !

'Tis all I ask, 'tis all that thou canst give,

And more to me than Norway's empire won.

Angantyr.

Yet shall this sword exert a baneful pow'r,

Its venom'd point shall wound thy source of joy,

Its blade shall all thy progeny devour,

Heidrick shall wield it, dreadful to destroy.

Hervor.

Rest all in peace — I come not to explore

Their fate — Lo ! flames surround me while I stay:

I haste to join my seamen on the shore,

Spread my white sails, and eat the wat'ry way.

*Dr. Goldsmith. *)*

*) *St. Jam. Mag. Jun. 1774. 240.*

Verses to the Lady Mary Wortley

Montague.

I.

In beauty or wit,

No mortal as yet

To question your empire has dar'd;

But men of discerning

Have thought that in Learning
To yield to a Lady was hard.

2.

Impertinent schools,
With musty dull rules,
Have reading to femals deny'd;
So Papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

3.

"Twas a woman at first,
(Indeed she was curst)
In Knowledge that tasted delight
And sages agree,
The Laws should decree
To the first possessor the right.

4.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Renew the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong,
And let them receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The Knowledge of right and of wrong.

5.

But if the first Eve
Hard doom did receive,

When only one apple had she,
 What a punishment new
 Shall be found out for you,
 Who tasting, have robb'd the whole tree.

Pope.

Verfes written in the Chiask at Pera
 Overlooking Constantinople, December

26. 1718.

Give me, great God ! said I, a little farm,
 In Summer shady, and in Winter warm ;
 Where a clear spring gives birth to murmuring brook.
 By nature gliding down the massy rocks.
 Not artfully by leaden pipes convey'd,
 Or greatly falling in a forced Cascade
 Pur andd unsfull'y'd winding thro' the shade.
 All - bounteous heaven has added to my prayer,
 A softer climate and a purer air.

Our frozen Isle now chilling Winter binds,
 Deform'd by rains, and rough with blasting Winds ;
 The wither'd woods grow white with hoary frost,
 By driving storms their verdant beauty lost ;
 The trembling birds their leafless covert shun ,
 And seek in distant climes a warmer sun :
 The Water - nymphs their silent urns deplore,

Even Thames benumb'd's a river now no more :
 The barren meads no longer yield delight,
 By glistening snows made painful to the sight.

Here Summer reigns with one eternal smile
 Succeeding harvests bless the happy soil.

Fair fertile fields to whom indulgent heaven
 Has ev'ry charm of ev'ry season given
 No killing cold deforms the beauteous year
 The springing flowers no coming Winter fear,
 But as the parent Rose decays and dies,
 The infant-buds with brighter colour rise,
 And with fresh sweets the mother's scent supplies.
 Near them the violet grows with odours blest,
 And blooms in more than Tyrian purple drest ;
 The rich Jonquils their golden beams display,
 And shine in glories emulating day ;
 The peaceful groves their verdant leaves retain,
 The streams still murmur, undefil'd with rain,
 And tow'ring greens adorn the fruitful plain.
 The warbling kind uninterrupted sing,
 Warm'd with injoyments of perpetual spring

Here at my Window I at once survey
 The crowded city and resounding sea ;
 In distant views the *Asian* mountains rise,
 And lose their snowy summits in the skies.
 Above those mountains proud Olympus towers.

The parliamentary seat of heavenly powers.
New to the sight, my ravish'd eyes admire
Each gilded crescent, and each antique spire;
The marble mosques beneath whose ample domes,
Fierce warlike *Sultans* sleep in peaceful tombs;
Those lofty structures once the Christians boast,
Their names, their beauty, and their honours lost;
Those altars bright with gold and sculpture grac'd,
By barb'rous Zeal of savage foes defac'd;
Sophia alone her ancient name retains,
Tho' unbelieving vows her shrine profanes;
Where holy saints have died in sacred Cells,
Where Monarchs pray'd, the frantick Dervish dwells.
How art thou fall'n, imperial city, low! ~~should not~~
Where are the hopes of roman glory now? ~~not~~
Where are thy palaces by prelates rais'd, ~~with~~
Where Grecian artists all their skill display'd,
Before the happy Sciences decay'd?
So vast, that youthful Kings might here reside,
So splendid, to content a patriarch's pride;
Convents where emperors profess'd of old
Their labour'd pilars that their triumphs told;
Vain monuments of them that once were great
Sunk undistinguish'd by one common fate;
One little spot, the tenure small contains
Of greek nobility, the poor remains

Where other Helens with like powerful charms,
 Have once engag'd the warring world in arms.
 Those names which royal ancestors can boast,
 In mean mechanick arts obscurely lost ;
 These eyes a second Homer might inspire,
 Fix'd at the loom destroy their useless fire.

Griev'd at a view which struck upon my mind
 The short liv'd vanity of humain - kind ,
 In gaudy objects I indulge my sight ,
 And turn where *Eastern pomp* gives gay delight.
 See the vast train in various habits drest ,
 By the brigt Scymitar and fable vest ,
 The proud *Vizier* distinguish'd o'er the rest ;
 Six slaves in gay attire his bridle hold ,
 His bridle rich with gems , and stirrups gold ;
 His snowy steed adorn'd with costly pride ,
 Whole troops of soldiers mounted by his side ,
 These top the plamy crest *Arabian courfers* guide .
 With artful duty all decline their eyes ,
 No bellowing shouts of noisy crouds arise ;
 Silence in solemn state the march attends ,
 Till at the dread *Divan* the slow procession ends .

Yet not these propects all profusely gay
 The gilded navy that adorns the sea ,
 The rising city in confusion fair ,
 Magnificently form'd irregular :

Where woods and palaces at once surprize,
 Gardens on gardens, domes on domes arise,
 And endless beauties tire the wand'ring eyes;
 So sooth my wishes, or so charm my mind,
 As this retreat secure from humain kind.
 No knaves successful craft does spleen excite,
 No Coxcomb's taudry splendour shocks my sight,
 No Mob alarm awakes my female fear,
 No praise my mind, nor envy hurts my ear,
 Ev'n fame itself can hardly reach me here:
 Impertinence with all her tattling train,
 Fair - sounding flattery's delicious bane,
 Censorious folly, noisy party-rage
 The thousand tongues with which she must engage,
 Who dares have virtue in a vicious age.

Mary Wortley Montague,

To Sir Godfrey Kneller on his Picture of the King.

Kneller, with silence and surprise
 We see Britannia's monarch rise,
 A godlike form by thee display'd
 In all the force of light and shade,
 And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
 As in the presence chamber stand.

The magic of thy art calls forth
 His secret soul and hidden worth,
 His probity and mildness shows,
 His care of friends, and scorn of foes :
 In every stroke, in every line,
 Does some exalted virtue shine,
 And Albion's happiness we trace
 Through all the features of his face.

O may I live to hail the day,
 When the glad nation shall survey
 Their sovereign, through his wide command,
 Passing in progress o'er the land !
 Each heart shall bend, and every voice
 In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
 Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
 And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

The image on the medal placed,
 With its bright round of titles graced,
 And stampt on British coins shall live
 To richest ores the value give,
 Or, wrought within the curious mold,
 Shape and adorn the running gold.
 To bear this form, the genial sun
 Has daily, since his course begun,
 Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
 And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.

Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vie'd
With nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.
Thy pencil has by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought;
And, in the robes of state array'd,
The Kings of half an age display'd.

Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd;
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent;
Ere yet her Hero was disgrac'd:
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last.
(Though heav'n should with my wish agree,
And long preserv'r thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest British King,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!

Wise Phidias; thus his skill to prove,
Through many a God advanc'd to Jove,
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine;
Till Greece amaz'd, and half-afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.

Great Pan, who went to chase the fair,
 And loved the spreading oak, was there;
 Old Saturn too with upcast eyes
 Beheld his abdicated skies;
 And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
 In adamantine armour frown'd;
 By him the childless Goddess rose,
 Minerva, studious to compose
 Her twisted threads; the web she strung,
 And o'er a loom of marble hung:
 Thetis the troubled ocean's Queen,
 Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
 Reclining on a funeral urn,
 Her short - liv'd darling son to mourn,
 The last was he, whose thunder slew
 The Titan - race, a rebel crew,
 That from a hundred hills ally'd
 In impious leagues their King defy'd.

This wonder of the Sculptor's hand
 Produc'd, his art was at a stand: ~~made~~ ~~would~~
 For who would hope new fame to raise,
 Or risk his well establish'd praise,
 That, his high genius to approve,
 Had drawn a George; or carv'd a Jove!

Addison.

On Mrs. Biddy Lloyd.

Or, the Receipt to form a Beauty.

When Cupid did his grandire Jove intreat
 To form some beauty by a new receipt,
 Jove sent, and found far in a country scene
 Truth, innocence, good nature, look serene ;
 From which ingridients first the dext'rous boy
 Pick'd the demure, the aukward, and the coy,
 The Graces from the court did next provide
 Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride :
 These Venus cleans'd from every spurious grain
 Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
 Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd;
 Then call'd the happy composition Lloyd.

Swift.

Epistle to the right honourable William Pulteney, Esq.

Pulteney, methinks you blame my breach of word;
 What, cannot Paris one poor page afford ?
 Yes, I can sagely, when the times are past,
 Laugh at those follies which I strove to taste ;
 And each amusement, which we shar'd, review,
 Pleas'd with mere talking, since I talk to you,

But how shall I describe, in humble prose,
 Their balls, assemblies, operas and beaux?
 In prose! you cry: Oh no, the Muse must aid,
 And leave Parnassus for the Tuillerie's shade;
 Shall he who late Britannia's city trod,
 And led the draggled Muse, with pattens shod,
 Through dirty lanes, and alleys doubtful ways.
 Refuse to write, when Paris asks his lays!
 Well then, I'll try. Descend, ye beauteous Nine,
 In all the colours of the rainbow shine:
 Let sparkling stars your neck and ear adorn,
 Lay on the blushes of the crimson morn;
 So may ye balls and gay assemblies grace,
 And at the op'ra claim the foremost place.

Trav'lers should ever fit expressions chuse,
 Nor with low phrase the lofty theme abuse.
 When they describe the state of eastern lords,
 Pomp and magnificence should swell their words;
 And when they paint the serpent's scaly pride,
 Their lines should hiss, their numbers smoothly glide;
 But they unmindful of poetic rules,
 Describe alike Mockaws, and great Moguls.
 Dampier would thus, without ill meaning satire,
 Dress forth in simple style the petit maître.
 „ In Paris there's a race of animals,
 „ (I've seen them at their operas and balls,) „

„ They stand erect, they dance whene'er they walk,
 „ Monkeys in action, parroquets in talk ;
 „ They're crown'd with feathers, like the cockatoo,
 „ And like camelions, daily change their hue ;
 „ From patches justly plac'd they borrow graces,
 „ And with vermillion lacker o'er their faces ;
 „ This custom, as we visibly discern,
 „ They, by frequenting ladies toilettes learn ?
 Thus might the trav'ler easy truth impart :
 Into the subject let me nobly start,

How happy lives the man, how sure to charm,
 Whose knot embroider'd flutters down his arm !
 On him the ladies cast the yielding glance,
 Sigh in his songs, and languish in his dance ;
 While wretched is the wit, condemn'd, forlorn,
 Whose gummy hat no scarlet plumes adorn ;
 No broider'd flow'r's his worsted ankle grace,
 Nor cane emboss'd with gold directs his pace ;
 No lady's favour on his sword is hung :
 What tho' Apollo dictate from his tongue ?
 His wit is spiritless, and void of grace,
 Who wants th' assurance of brocade and lace,
 While the gay sot genteely talks of weather,
 The fair in raptures doat upon his feather ;
 Like a court-lady though he write and spell,

His Minuet-step was fashion'd by Marcel; *)
 He dresses, fences. What avails to know?
 For women chuse their men, like silks for show.
 Is this the thing, you cry, that Paris boasts?
 Is this the thing renown'd among our toasts?
 For such a flutt'ring fight we need not roam;
 Our own assemblies shine with these at home.

Let us in the field of beauty start;
 Beauty's a theme that ever warm'd my heart.
 Think not, ye fair, that I the sex accuse:
 How shall I spare you, prompted by the Muse?
 (The Muses all are prudes) she rails, she frets,
 Amidst this sprightly nation of coquettes.
 Yet let not us their loose coquett'ry blame;
 Women of ev'ry nation are the same.

You ask me, if Parisian dames, like ours,
 With ratt'ling dice profane the Sunday's hours;
 If they the gamester's pale-ey'd vigils keep,
 And stake their honour while their husbands sleep?
 Yes, Sir; like English toasts, the dames of France
 Will risk their income on a single chance.
 Nannette last night a tricking Pharaon play'd;
 The cards the taillier's sliding hand obey'd;
 To day her neck no brilliant circle wears,

*) A famous dancing master.

Nor the ray darting pendant loads her ears.
 Why does old Chloris an assembly hold ?
 Chloris each night divides the Sharper's gold.
 Corinna's cheek with frequent losses burns,
 And no bold Trente le va her fortune turns.
 Ah ! too rash virgin ! where's thy virtue flown ?
 She pawns her person for the sharper's loan !
 Yet who with justice can the fair upbraid,
 Whose debts of honour are so duly paid ?

But let me not forget the toilette's cares,
 Where at each morn the languid cheek repairs :
 This red's too pale, nor gives a distant grace ;
 Madame to day put on her opera face ;
 From this we scarce extract the milkmaid's bloom,
 Bring the deep dye that warms across the room :
 Now flames her cheek ; so strong her charms prevail,
 That on her gown the filken rose looks pale !
 Not but that France some native beauty boasts,
 Clermont and Charolois might grace our toasts.
 When the sweet breathing spring unfolds her buds
 Love flies the dusky town for shady woods.
 Then Tottenham - fields with roving beauty swarm,
 And Hamstead - balls the city virgin warm ;
 Then Chelsea's meads o'erhear perfidious vows,
 And the press'd grass defrauds the grazing cows.
 'Tis here the same ; but in a higher sphere,

For ev'n court - ladies sin in open air,
What cit with a gallant would trust his spouse
Beneath the tempting shade of Greenwich boughs?
What peer of France would let his duchess rove
Where Boulogne's closest woods invite to love?
But here no wife can blast her husbands fame,
Cuckold is grown an honourable name.
Stretch'd on the grass the shepherd sighs his pain,
And on the grass what shepherd sighs in vain?
On Cloe's lap here Damon laid along,
Melts with the anguish of her am'rous song;
There Iris flies Palaemon thro' the glade,
Nor trips by chance - till in the thickest shade;
Here Celimene defends her lips and breast,
For kisses are by struggling closer prest;
Alexis there with eager flame grows bold,
Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold;
Be wise, Alexis; what so near the road!
Hark, a coach rolls, and husbands are abroad!
Such were our pleasures in the days of yore,
When am'rous Charles Britannia's sceptre bore;
The nightly scene of joy the Park was made,
And love in couples peopl'd ev'ry shade.
But since at court the rural taste is lost,
What mighty sums have velvet couches cost!

Sometimes the Tuilleries gawdy walk I love,
 Where I thro' clouds of rustling mantuas rove;
 As here from side to side my eyes I cast,
 And gaz'd on all the glitt'ring train that pass'd:
 Sudden a fop steps forth before the rest,
 I knew the bold embroid'ry of his vest.
 He thus accosts me with familiar air,
 „ Parbleu ! on a fait cet habit en Angleterre ?
 „ Quelle manche ! ce galon est grossièrement rangé ;
 „ Voila quelque chose de fort beau & dégagé ! “
 This said : on his red heel he turns , and then
 Hums a soft minuet , and proceeds again.
 „ Well ; now you've Paris seen , you'll frankly own
 „ Your boasted London seems a country town ;
 „ Has Christianity yet reach'd your nation ?
 „ Are churches ? are masquerades in fashion ?
 „ Do daily soups your dinners introduce ?
 „ Are music , snuff , and coaches yet in use ? “
 Pardon me , Sir ; we know the Paris mode ,
 And gather politesse from courts abroad.
 Like you , our courtiers keep a num'rous train
 To load their coach ; and tradesmen dun in vain.
 Nor has religion left us in the lurch ,
 And as in France , our vulgar crowd the church ;
 Our ladies too support the masquerade ,
 The sex by nature love th' intriguing trade.

Straight the vain fop in ign'rant rapture cries,
,, Paris the barb'rous world would civilize. “
Pray , Sir , point out among the passing band
The present beauties who the town command.
,, See yonder dame ; strict virtue chills her breast ,
,, Mark in her eye demeure the prude profest ;
,, That frozen bosom native fire must want ,
,, Which boasts of constancy to one gallant !
,, This next the spoils of fifty lovers wears ,
,, Rich Dandin's brilliant favours grace her ears !
,, The neck lace Florio's gen'rous flame bestow'd ,
,, Clitander's sparkling gems her finger load ;
,, But now her charms grow cheap by constant use ,
,, She sins for scarfs , clock'd stockings , knots , and
,, Great thou art shoes .
,, This next , with sober gait , and serious leer ,
,, Wearies her knees with morn and ev'ning pray'r ;
,, She scorns th' ignoble love of feeble pages ,
,, But with three abbots in one night engages .
,, This with the cardinal her nights employs ,
,, Where holy Sinews consecrate her joys .
,, Why have I promis'd things beyond my pow'r !
,, Five assignations wait me at this hour ,
,, The sprightly countess first my visit claims ,
,, To morrow shall indulge inferior dames .

„ Pardon me, Sir, that thus I take my leave,
 „ Gay Florimella slyly twich'd my sleeve.

Adieu, Monsieur — The opera hour draws near.
 Not see the opera ! all the world is there ;
 Where on the stage th' embroider'd youth of France
 In bright array attract the female glance :
 This languishes, this struts, to show his mien,
 And not a gold - clock'd stocking moves unseen.

But hark ! the full orchestra strike the strings :
 The hero struts, and the whole audience sings.

My jarring ears harsh grating murmurs wound
 Hoarse and confus'd, like Babel's mingled sound.
 Hard chance had plac'd me near a hoisy throat
 That in rough quavers bellow'd ev'ry note.
 Pray, Sir, says I, suspend a while your song,
 The opera's drown'd; your lungs are wondrous strong;
 I wish to hear your Roland's ranting strain,
 While he with rooted forests strows the plain.
 Sudden he shrugs surprise, and answers quick,
 „ Monsieur apparemment n'aime pas la musique
 Then turning round, he join'd th' ungrateful noise ;
 And the loud chorus thunder'd with his voice.

O soothe me with some soft Italian air,
 Let harmony compose my tortur'd ear !
 When Anatolia's voice commands the strain,
 The melting warble thrills through ev'ry vein ;

Thought stands suspense, and silence pleas'd attends,
While in her notes the heav'nly choir descends.

But you'll imagine I'm a frenchman grown,
Pleas'd and content with nothing but my own,
So strongly with this prejudice posses'd;
He thinks french music and french painting best.
Mention the force of learn'd Corelli's notes,
Some scraping fidler of their ball he quotes;
Talk of the spiiit Raphael's pencil gives,
Yet warm with life whose speaking picture lives;
Yes, Sir, says he, in colour and design,
Rigaut and Raphæl are extremely fine!

'Tis true his country's love transport his breast,
With warmer zeal than your old Greeks profest.
Ulysses lov'd his Ithaca of yore,
Yet that sage trav'ler left his native shore;
What stronger virtue in the frenchman shines!
He to dear Paris all his life confines.
I'm not so fond. There are, I must confess,
Things which might make me love my country less.
I should not think my Britain had such charms,
If lost to learning, if enslav'd by arms;
France has her Richlieus and her Colberts known,
And then, I grant it, France in science shone;
We too, I own, without such aids may chance
In ignorance and pride to rival France.

But let me not forget Corneille, Racine,
 Boileau's strong sense, and Moliere's hum'rous scene.
 Let Cambray's name be sung above the rest,
 Whose maxims, Pult'ney, warm thy patriot breast;
 In Mentor's precepts Wisdom strong and clear
 Dictates sublime, and distant nations hear.
 Hear all ye princes, who the world controul,
 What cares, what terrors haunt the tyrant's soul;
 His constant train are anger, fear, distrust:
 To be a king, is to be good and just
 His people he protects, their rights he saves,
 And scorns to rule a wretched race of slaves.

Happy, thrice happy shall the monarch reign,
 Where guardian laws despotic pow'r restrain!
 There shall the ploughshare break the stubborn land,
 And bending harvest tire the peasant's hand:
 There Liberty her settled mansion boats,
 There Commerce plenty brings from foreign coasts.
 O Britain! guard thy laws, thy rights defend,
 So shall these blessings to thy Sons descend!

You'll think 'tis time some other theme to chuse,
 And not with beaux and sops fatigue the Muse:
 Should I let satire loose on English ground,
 There fools of various character about;
 But here my verse is to one race confin'd,
 All Frenchmen are of petit-maitre kind.

Gay.

On the Banishment of Cicero. *)

1.

As o'er the swelling oceans tide
 An exile Tully rode,
 The bulwark of the roman state,
 In act, in thought, a god;
 The sacred Genius of majestic Rome
 Descends, and thus laments her patriot's doom.

2.

Farewell! renown'd in arts farewell!
 Thus conquer'd by thy foe,
 Of honours and of friends depriv'd,
 In exile must thou go:
 Yet go content; thy look, thy will sedate,
 Thy soul superior to the shocks of fate.

3.

Thy wisdom was thy only guilt,
 Thy virtue thy offence,
 With god-like zeal thou didst espouse
 Thy country's just defence:
 No sordid hopes could charm thy steady soul,
 No fears, nor guilty numbers could controul.

4.

*) Written by the Duke of Wharton, and first printed,
 when Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, was ba-
 nis'd in 1724. New Foundl. Hosp. III. 115.

4.

What, tho' the noblest patriots stood
 Firm to thy sacred cause,
 What, tho' thou couldst display the force
 Of rhet'rick and of laws ;
 No eloquence, no reason could repel
 Th' united strength of Clodius and of hell.

5.

Thy mighty ruin to effect
 What plots have been devis'd !
 What arts ! what perjuries been us'd !
 What laws and rites despis'd !
 How many fools and knaves by bribes allur'd,
 And witnesses by hopes and threats secur'd !

6.

And yet they act their dark deceit
 Veil'd with a nice disguise ,
 And form a specious shew of right.
 From treachery and lies ;
 With arbitrary power the people awe
 And coin unjust oppression into law.

7.

Let Clodius now in grandeur reign ,
 Let him exert his pow'r ,
 A shortliv'd monster in the land ,
 The monarch of an hour ;

Let pageant fools adore their wooden god,
And act against their senses at his nod.

8.

Pierced by an untimely hand
To earth shall he descend,
Tho' now with gaudy honours cloath'd,
Inglorious in his end.
Blest be the man, who doth his pow'r defy,
And dares or truly speak, or bravely die!

Song of a Scholar and his mistress,
who, being cross'd by their friends, fel mad
for one another, and now first meet in
Bedlam.

(Musick within, the lovers enter at opposite doors,
each held by a keeper.)

Phyllis.

Look! look! I see — I see my love appear.
"Tis he — 'tis he alone;
For like him there is none:
"Tis the dear, dear man! 'Tis thee, Dear!

Amyntas.

Hark! the winds war,
The foamy waves roar;
I see a ship afar,

Tossing and tossing, and making to the shore.

But what's that I view

So radiant of hue?

St Hermo, St Hermo, that sits upon the fails?

Ah! No! No, No!

St Hermo never, never shone so bright;

'Tis Phyllis, only Phyllis can shoot so fair a light!

'Tis Phyllis, 'tis Phyllis, that saves the ship alone,
For all the winds are hush'd, and the storm is over-
blown.

Phyllis.

Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his arm!

Amyntas.

If all the fates combine,

And all the furies join,

I'll force my way to Phyllis, and break through the
charm.

(Here they break from the keepers, run to each
other, and embrace.)

Phyllis.

Shall I marry the man I love?

And shall I conclude my pains?

Now blest be the powers above!

I feel the blood bounds in my veins,

With a lively leap it began to move,

And the vapours leave my brains,

Amyntas.

Body join'd to body, and heart join'd to heart,
 To make sure of the cure
 Go, call the man in black, to mumble over his part,

Phyllis.

But suppose he shou'd stay —

Amyntas.

At worst, if he delay,

"Tis a work must be done;

We'll borrow but a day,

And the better the sooner begun.

(They run out together hand in hand.)

Dryden. *)

(* Dramatic Works VI. 506.

A Soliloquy out of Italian.

Cou'd he whom my dissembled rigour grieves,
 But know what torment to my soul it gives;
 He'd find how fondly I return his flame,
 And want myself the pity he wou'd claim.

Immortal Gods! why has your doom decreed
 Two wounded hearts with equal pangs shou'd bleed?
 Since that great Law, which your tribunal guides,
 Has join'd in Love whom destiny divides;
 Repent you pow'rs the injuries you cause,

Or change our natures, or reform your Laws.
 Unhappy Partner of my killing pain,
 Think what I feel the moment you complain.
 Each sigh you utter wounds my tend'rest part,
 So much my Lips misrepresent my heart.
 When from your eyes the falling drops distil,
 My vital blood in every tear you spill:
 And all those mournful agonies I hear,
 Are but the echoes of my own despair.

Garth.

H a g s S o n g .

I have been all day, looking after
 A raven, feeding upon a quarter;
 And, soon, as she turn'd her beak to the south,
 I snatch'd this morsel out of her mouth. R 3

I) The use of gathering pieces of dead flesh was,
 to call up ghosts and spirits. The witch here not
 eats herself, but watches the raven, as if that
 piece was sweeter, which the raven had pick'd,
 and more effectuous: and she doth, at her tur-
 ning to the south, as with the prediction of a
 storm,

2. Hag.

I have been gathering Wolves hairs ;
 The mad dogs foam , and the adders lars ;
 The spурing of a dead - man's eyes ,
 And all since the evening star did rise .

3. Hag.

I last night lay all alone
 O' the ground , to hear the mandrake 2) groan ;
 And pluck'd him up , though he grew full low ;
 And , as I had done , the cock did crow .

4. Hag.

And I ha' been chusing out this scull ,
 From charnel - houses , that were full ;
 From private grots , and public pits ;
 And frightened a feston out of his wits .

2) **Mandragora.** Fable reports , that this plant is so dangerous , that a dog must be tyed to it , in order to root it up , and to prevent the certain death of the person , who dares to attempt such a deed . It is also said , to emit groans , when the violence is offered . The witch here plucks it up herself . Nothing is so croſs or baleful to them in their nights , as that the cock should crow , before they have done .

5. Hag.

Under a cradle I did creep
 By day; and when the child was asleep
 At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,
 And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6. Hag.

I had a dagger: what did I with that?
 Kill'd an infant, to have his fat.
 A piper it got, at a church-ale, 3)
 I bade him again blow wind i' the tail.

7. Hag.

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chains,
 The sun and the wind had shrunk his veins;
 I bit off a sinew; I clipp'd his hair,
 I brought oft his rags, that danc'd i' the air.

8. Hag.

The sciech-owls eggs, and the feathers black,
 The blood of the frog, and the bone in his back,
 I have been getting: and made of his skin
 A purset, to keep Sir Cranion in. 4)

R 4

3) Wake, or feast, commemorative of the dedication of the Church.

4) That of the skin (to make a purse for her fly) was meant ridiculous, to mock the keeping of their familiars.

9. Hag.

And I ha' been plucking (plants among)
 Hemlock, henbane, adder's-tongue,
 Night-shade, moon-wort, libbards-bane; 5)
 And twice, by the dogs, was like to be ta'en.

10. Hag.

I, from the jaws of a gard'ner's bitch,

Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch:
 Get went I back to the house again,
 Kill'd the black cat, and here's the brain.

11. Hag.

I went to the toad breeds under the Wall,
 I charm'd him out, and he came at my call;
 I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl before,
 I tose the bat's wing: what would you have more?

12. Dame. 6)

Yes, I have brought (to help our vows)

Horned poppy, 7) cypress boughs,

5) *Cicuta*, *hyoscyamus*, *ophioglosson*, *solanum*, *martagon*, *doronicum*, *aconitum* are the common venefical ingredients remembered by Paracelsus, Porta, Agrippa, and others.

6) Amongst the vulgar witches the honour of dame is given with a kind of preeminence to some special one at their meetings.

7) *Papaver cornutum*.

The figtree wild, that grows on tombs,
 And juice, that from the larch-tree comes,
 The basilisk's blood, and the viper's skin;
 And, now, our orgies let's begin. 8)

Ben Jonson. 9)

The Monkey who had seen the world.

A Monkey, to reform the times,
 Resolv'd to visit foreign climes!
 For men in distant regions roam
 To bring politer manners home.
 So forth he fares, all toil defies:
 Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treach'rous snare was laid,
 Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,

R 5

8) After all their boasted labours, and plenty of materials, the Dame not only adds more, but stranger, and out of their means to get.

9) In one of his Masks. Works. Vol. V. 325. This song, falling from the learned pen of Ben Jonson, is rather an extract from the various incantations of classic antiquity, than a display of the opinions of our own vulgar.

There sold. (How envy'd was his doom,
 Made captive in a Lady's room !)
 Proud as a lover of his chains,
 He day by day her favour gains,
 Whene'er the duty of the day,
 The toilette calls ; with mimic play
 He twirls her knots , he cracks her fan ;
 Like any other Gentleman.
 In visits too his parts and wit ,
 When gests grew dull , were sure to hit.
 Proud with applause , he thought his mind
 In ev'ry courtly art refin'd ;
 Like Orpheus burnt with public zeal ,
 To civilize the monkey weal :
 So watch'd occasion , broke his chain ,
 And sought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press ,
 Astonish'd at his strut and dress .
 Some praise his sleeve ; and others glote
 Upon his rich embroider'd coat ;
 His dapper periwig commanding ,
 With the black tail behind depending ;
 His powder'd back , above , below ,
 Like hoary frosts , or fleecy snow :
 But all with envy and desire ,
 His fluttering shoulder - knot admire .

Hear and improve, he pertly cries;
 I come to make a nation wise.
 Weigh your own worth; support your place,
 The next in rank to human race.
 In cities long I pass'd my days,
 Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
 Their dress, their courtly manners see;
 Reform your state and copy me.
 Seek ye to thrive? in flatt'ry deal;
 Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
 Seem only to regard your friends,
 But use them for your private ends.
 Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
 Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
 Bend all your force to spatter merit;
 Scandal is conversation's spirit.
 Boldly to every thing pretend,
 And men your talents shall commend.
 I knew the great. Observe me right;
 So Shall you grow like man polite.

He spoke and bow'd. With mut'ring jaws
 The wond'ring circle grinn'd applause.

Now, warm with malice, envy, spite,
 Their most obliging friends they bite
 And fond to copy human ways
 Practise new mischiefs all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
With travel finishes the fool ;
Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears ;
O'erlocks with scorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

Gay.

The mouse's Petition to Doctor Priestley
found in the Trap where he had been
confin'd all night.

Oh ! hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs ;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries.
For here forlorn and sad I sit,
Within the wiry grate ;
And tremble at th' approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.
If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free born mouse detain.
Oh ! do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable heart ;

Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize so little worth.
The scatter'd gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply;
But if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,
The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given;
Let nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of heaven.
The well-taught philosophic mind
To all compassion gives;
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.
If mind, as ancient sages taught,
A never dying flame,
Still shifts thro' matters varying forms,
In every forme the same,
Beware, lest in the worm you crush
A brother's soul you find;
And tremble lest thy luckless hand
Dislodge a kindred mind.
Or, if this transient gleam of day
Be all of life we share,
Let pity plead within thy breast
That tittle all to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
 With health and peace be crown'd :
 And every charm of heart felt ease
 Beneath thy roof be found.
 So, when destruction lurks unseen,
 Which men like mice may share ,
 May some kind angel clear thy path ,
 And break the hidden snare.

Aikin.

A Letter from Italy, to the right honourable Charles Lord Halifax.

In the year MDCCI.

While you , my Lord , the rural shades admire ,
 And from Britannia's public posts retire ,
 Nor longer , her ungrateful sons to please ,
 For their advantage sacrifice your ease ;
 Me into foreign realms my fate conveys ,
 Through nations fruitful of immortal lays ,
 Where the soft season and inviting clime
 Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme .

For where so e'er I turn my ravish'd eyes ,
 Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise ,
 Poetic fields incompass me around ,
 And still I seem to tread on classic ground ;

For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
 That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
 Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
 And every stream in heav'nly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
 For rising springs and celebrated floods !
 To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
 And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
 To see the Mincio draw his watry store,
 Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
 And hoary Albula's infected tide
 O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
 Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray,
 The king of floods ! that rolling o'er the plains
 The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains,
 And proudly swoln with a whole winters snows,
 Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
 That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
 (Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry)
 Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
 And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
 And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,

That destitute of strength derives its course
 From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source,
 Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
 With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
 So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!
 Such was the Boyn, a poor inglorious stream,
 That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
 And unobserv'd in wild Meanders play'd;
 'Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
 Its rising billows through the world resound,
 Where'er the Hero's godlike acts can pierce
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse.
 O could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
 With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
 And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me smile,
 That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
 Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
 Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
 To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
 Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
 And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
 Bear me, some God, to Baia's gentle seats,
 Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;

Where

Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride;
Blossoms and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry,
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie,
An amphitheatre's amazing height,
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held uncrowded nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies:
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wondring at their height through airy channels
flow.

Still to new scenes my wand'ring Muse retires;
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone,
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and Gods, and Roman consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown.

And Emperors in Parian marble frown;
 While the bright dames, to whom they humbly su'd,
 Still show the charms, that their proud hearts subdu'd.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
 And show th' immortal labours in my verse
 Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
 A new creation rises to my sight,
 Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
 So warm with life his blended colours glow.
 From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
 Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
 And opening palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand !
 But what avail her unexhausted stores,
 Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
 With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
 The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
 While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
 And tyranny usurps her happy plains ?
 The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
 The red'ning orange and the swelling grain :
 Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,

And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

O liberty, thou goddess heav'nly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eased of her load subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, Goddess, Thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains
smile.

Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,
 And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
 A never touch to the strecht canvas give,
 Or teach their animated rocks to live:
 'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
 And hold in balance each contending state;
 To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
 And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r,
 The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
 Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
 And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
 Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
 And fain her godlike sons wou'd disunite
 By foreign gold, or by domestic spite:
 But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
 Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide,
 Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
 The distant climes and diff'rent tongties resound,
 I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
 That longs to lanch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
 Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song
 My humble verse demands a softer theme
 A painted meadow, or a purling stream;

Unfit for Heroes : whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise.

Addison.

E p i g r a m.

My heart still hovering round about you,
I thought, could not live without you;
Now we have liv'd three months asunder,
How I liv'd with you is the wonder.

Nugent. *)

*) *Festoon*, p. 78.

Song by Richard the first, Cœur de Lion.

No wretched Captive of his prison speaks,
Unless with pain and bitterness of soul;
Yet consolation from the muse he seeks,
Whose voice alone misfortune can controul.
Where now is each ally, each baron, friend,
Whose face I ne'er beheld without a smile,
Will none his sov'reign to redeem, expend
The smallest portion of his treasures vile?
Though none may blush that near two tedious years,
Without relief my bondage has endur'd,
Yet know my English, Norman, Gascon Peers,

Not one of you should thus remain immur'd:
 The meanest subject of my wide domains;
 Had I been free, a ransom should have found;
 I mean not to reproach you with my chains,
 Yet still I wear them on a foreign ground!

Too true it is, so selfish humane race!
 Nor dead, nor captives, friend or kindred find,
 Since here I pine in bondage and disgrace,
 For lack of gold, my fetters to unbind.
 Much for myself I feel, yet ah! still more
 That no compassion from my subjects flows;
 What can from infamy their names restore,
 If while a pris'ner, death my eyes should close?

But small is my surprise, though great my grief,
 To find in spite of all his solemn vows,
 My lands are ravay'd by the gallic chief,
 While none my cause has courage to espouse.
 Though lofty tow'r's obscure the cheerful day,
 Yet through the dungeon's melancholy gloom,
 Kind hope, in gentle whispers, seems to say,
 Perpetual thralldom is not yet thy doom.

Ye dear companions of my happy days,
 Oh Chail and Pensavia, *) aloud declare
 Throughout the earth in everlasting lays,

*) Two Bards Richard's favourites now unknown.

My foes against me wage inglorious war.
 Oh tell them too, that ne'er among my crimes
 Did breach of faith, deceit, or fraud appear;
 That infamy will brand to latest times
 The insults I receive while captive here.

Know all ye men of Anjou and Touraine;
 And ev'ry bach'lor knight, robust and brave;
 That duty now and love alike are vain,
 From bonds your sov'reign and your friend to fave.
 Remote from consolation here I lie,
 The wretched captive of a pow'rful foe;
 Who all your zeal and ardour can defy
 Nor leaves you ought but pity to bestow?

Burney. *)

S 4

*) Richard's old Song translated by Burney begins as follows:

Ja nus hom pris nou dira la raison
 Adrectament se com hom dolent non;
 Ma per conort pot il faire chanson.
 Pro a d'amis, mas poure son li don.
 Onta I auron se por ma reezon
 Soi fait dos yver pris

*S. A general history of Music by Charles Burney. 2.
 Voll. 4to London 1783.*

The council of Horses.

Upon a time a neighing steed,
 Who graz'd among a num'rous breed,
 With mutiny had fir'd the train,
 And spread dissension through the plain,
 On matters that concern'd the state
 The council met in grand debate.
 A colt, whose eyeballs flam'd with ire,
 Elate with strength and youthful fire,
 In haste stept forth before the rest,
 And thus the list'ning throng address'd.

Good gods ! how abject is our race,
 Condemn'd to slav'ry and disgrace !
 Shall we our servitude retain,
 Because our fires have born the chain ?
 Consider, friends, your strength and might ;
 'Tis conquest to assert our right.
 How cumb'rous is the gilded coach !
 The pride of man is our reproach.
 Were we design'd for dayly toil,
 To drag the plough-share thro' the soil,
 To sweat in harness thro' the road,
 To groan beneath the carrier's load ?
 How feeble are the two-leggd kind !
 What force is in our nerves combin'd ?

Shall then our nobler jaws submit
 To foam and champ the galling bit?
 Shall haughty man my back bestride?
 Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
 Forbid it, Heav'n's! Reject the rein;
 Your shame, your infamy disdain.
 Let him the lion first controul,
 And still the tyger's famish'd growl.
 Let us like them our freedom claim;
 And make him tremble at our name.

A general nod approv'd the cause,
 And all the circle neigh'd applause.

When, lo! with grave and solemn pace
 A steed advanc'd before the race,
 With age and long experience wise,
 Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
 And, to the murmurs of the train,
 Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain.

When I had health and strength, like you,
 The toils of servitude I knew.
 Now grateful man rewards my pains,
 And gives me all these wide domains.
 At will I crop the year's increase;
 My latter life is rest and peace.
 I grant to man we lend our pains,
 And aid him to correct the plains.

But does not he devide the care,
 Thro' all the labours of the year?
 How many thousand structures rise,
 To fence us from inclement skies!
 For us he bears the sultry day,
 And stores up all our winter's hay.
 He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain;
 We share the toil and share the grain.
 Since ev'ry creature was decreed
 To aid each other's mutual need.
 Appear your discontented mind,
 And act the part by heav'n assign'd.
 The tumult ceas'd. The colt submitted,
 And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

Gay.

S o n g.

When I was a maiden of twenty,
 And my charms and my lovers were plenty,
 Ah! why did I ever say no?
 Now the swains, though I court them, all fly me;
 I sigh, but no lover comes nigh me;
 Ye virgins, be warn'd by my woe!

John Hughes,

P h r y n e.

Phryne had talents for mankind,

Open she was, and unconfin'd,

Like some free - port of trade :

Merchants unloaded here their freight,

And agents from each foreign state

Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding suck,

Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,

Spaniard or French came to her

To all obliging she'd appear ;

'Twas : si signior ! 'twas : yaw mynheer !

'Twas : s'il vous plait , monsieur !

Obscure by birth , renown'd by crimes ,

Still changing names , religions , climes ,

At length she turns a bride :

In di'monds , pearls , and rich brocades ,

She shines the first of batter'd jades ,

And flutters in her pride

So have I known those insects fair ,

Which curious Germans hold so rare ,

Still vary shapes and dyes ;

Still gain new titles with new forms ;

First grubs obscene , then wriggling worms ,

Then painted butterflies .

Verſes making part of an Epitaph on a
Lady.

Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wise;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
Her speech was the melodious voice of love,
Her Song the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her Eloquence was sweeter than her Song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
Her mind was virtue by the Graces dress'd.

Lord Lyttleton.

On Mr. Hearne, the great Antiquarian,
Pox on't! fay's time to Thomas Hearne,
Whatever I forget, you learn.

Evans.

The Jugglers.

A Juggler long through all the town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown;

You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The Devil at his fingers ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defy'd the man of art aloud.

Is this then he so fam'd for sleight?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?
Dares he with me dispute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provok'd, the Juggler cry'd, 'tis done,
In science I submit to none.

Thus said, The cups and balls he play'd
By turns, this here, that there, convey'd:
The cards obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.

His little boxes change the grain;
Trick after trick deludes the train.

He shakes his bag, he shows all fair;
His fingers spread, and nothing there;
Then bids it rain with showers of gold,
And now his iv'ry eggs are told.
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

Vice now kept forth, and took the place
With all the forms of his grimace.

This magic looking-glass, she cries,
 There (hand it round) will charm your eyes;
 Each eager eye the sight desired,
 And every man himself admired.

Next, to a senator addressing:
 See this bank note; observe the blessing.
 Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'tis gone.
 Upon his lips a padlock shone.
 A second puff the magic broke;
 The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,
 All full, with heady liquor stor'd,
 By clean conveyance disappear,
 And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to a thief expos'd;
 At once his ready fingers clos'd.
 He opes his stift, the treasures fled;
 He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids ambition hold a wand;
 He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows.
 Blow here; and a churchwarden blows.
 'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
 And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
 And from all pockets fills her box.

She next a meagre rake address.

This picture see; her shape, her breast!
What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her, and have her. With surprize
His hand expos'd a box of pills;
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.

A counter in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see die low,
Take every shape but charity;
And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.

The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission own'd her art.
Can I such matchless sleight withstand?
How practice has improv'd your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You ev'ry day, and all day long.

Barrett Gay.

Cupid's Pastime: *)

It chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,
 That went to seek his straying sheep,
 Within a thicket on a plain
 Espied a dainty nymph asleep.
 Her golden hair o'erspreid her face ;
 Her caseless arms abroad were cast ;
 Her Quiver had her pillow's place,
 Her breast lay bare to every blast.
 The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill ;
 Nought durst he do ; nought durst he say ;
 Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will,
 Did Guide the God of love that way.
 The crafty boy thus sees her sleep,
 Whom if she wak's he durst not see.

*) This beautiful poem, which possesses a classical elegance, hardly to be expected in the age of James I. is taken from a collection of Davison's Poems. 1621. These poems, he tells us in the preface, were written by himself, by his brother, and by some friends. Among them are found pieces by Sir J. Davis, the countess of Rembroke, Sir Phil. Sidney, Spenser, and other wits of those times. Rel. of Anc. Poet. I. 293.

Behind her closely seeks to creep,
 Before her nap should ended bee.
 There come, he steals her shafts away,
 And puts his own into their place;
 Nor dares he any longer stay,
 But, ere she wakes, hies thence space.
 Scarce was he gone, but she awakes,
 And spies the shepherd standing by:
 Her bended bow in haste she takes,
 And at the simple swain lets flye.
 Forth flew the shaft, and pierc'd his heart,
 That to the ground he fell with pain:
 Yet up again forthwith he start,
 And to the nymph he ran amain,
 Amazed to see so strange a sight,
 She shot, and shot, but all in vain;
 The more his wounds, the more his might,
 Love yielded strength amidst his pain.
 Her angry eyes were great with tears,
 She blames her hand, she blames her skill;
 The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
 And try them on herself she will.
 Take heed, sweet nymph, try not thy shaft,
 Each little touch will pierce thy heart:
 Alas! thou knowst not Cupid's craft;
 Revenge is joy; the end is smart.

Yet try she will, and pierce some bare;
 Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand
 Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
 That made the shepherd senseless stand.
 That breast she pierc't, and through that breast
 Love found an entry to her heart;
 At feeling of this new-come quest,
 Lord! how this gentle nymph did start!
 She runs not now; she shoots no more;
 Away she throws both shaft and bow;
 She seeks for what she shun'd before,
 She thinks the shepherd's haste to slow.
 Though mountains meet not, lovers may;
 What other lovers do, did they:
 The God of love sat on a tree,
 And laugh'd, that pleasant sight to see.

Ancient Antipathy or Youth and age. *)
 Crabbed age and youth cannot live together;
 Youth is full of pleasure, age is full of care;

*) This piece is found in a little collection of Shakespeare's Sonnets, intituled *passionate pilgrimage* (Lond. 1599.) the greatest part of which seems to relate to the Amours of Venus and Adonis.

Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather,
 Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
 Youth is full of sport,
 Age's breath is short;
 Youth is nimble, age is tame;
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.
 Age, I do abhor thee,
 Youth, I do adore thee;
 O ! my love is young :
 Age, I do defy thee,
 O ! sweet shepherd hie thee ;
 For, methinks, thou stayst too long.

W. Shakespeare.

To Delia,

I did but look and love a while,

"Twas but for half an hour;

T 2

This seems intended for the mouth of Venus,
 weighing the comparative merits of youthful
 Adonis and aged Vulcan. *Reliques of anc. poe-
 try. l. 220. (Poems written by Shakespeare)*
Lond. for Bell. 1774. (p. 123.)

Then to resist I had no will,
 And now I have no pow'r.
 To sigh and wish is all my ease,
 Sighs, which do hear impart,
 Enough to melt the coldest ice,
 But cannot warm your heart.
 Oh! would your pity give my heart
 One corner of your breast,
 'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
 And quickly steal the rest.

Tho. Otway.

Merry Andrew.

Sly Merry Andrew, the last Southwark Fair
 (At Bartholmew he did not much appear;
 So peevish was the Edict of the May'r)
 At Southwark therefore as his Tricks he show'd,
 To please our Masters, and his friends the croud;
 A huge Nears-Tongue he in his right hand held:
 His left was with a good black a pudding fill'd.
 With a grave look, in this odd Equipage,
 The clownish Mimic traverses the stage:
 Why how now, Andrew! cries his Brother Droll,
 To Day's Conceit, methinks, is something dull:
 Come on, Sir, to our worthy friends explain,

What does your Emblematick Worship mean ?
 Quoth Andrew ; honest English let us speak :
 Your Emble — (what d'ye call't) is heathen Greek.
 To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence :
 Learning thy talent is , but mine is sense,
 That busie fool I was , which thou art now ;
 Desirous to correct , not knowing how ;
 With very good design , but little wit ,
 Blaming or praising things , as I thought fit .
 I for this conduct had what I deserv'd ;
 And dealing honestly , was almost starv'd .
 But thanks to my indulgent stars , I eat ;
 Since I have found the secret to be great .
 O dearest Andrew , says the humble droll .
 Henceforth may I obey , and thou controll ;
 Provided thou impart thy useful skill .
 Now then , says Andrew ; and , for once , I will
 Be of your Patron's mind , whate'er he says .
 Sleep very much , think little ; and talk less ;
 Mind neither Good nor Bad , nor right nor wrong ,
 But eat your Pudding , Slave ; and hold your tongue !
 A Rev'rend Prelate stopp his coach and fixt
 To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks .
 But when he heard him give this golden Rule :
 Drive on ; (he cryd;) this fellow is no fool .

BRIOR. 3.

To Lord ***.

Too anxious for the public weal,
 Suspend, my Lord, the noble strife;
 Oh! think, while Britain claims thy zeal,
 Thy friends and Britain claim thy life.

Thy generous, free, exalted mind,
 Inspir'd with freedom's sacred flame,
 Glows with such warmth for human kind,
 (The heat impairs thy manly frame.)

Happy the man whom reason draws

To settle in the golden mean;
 Who scorns fantastic fortune's laws,
 And laughs at flattery's gaudy train.

Who eagle-like from virtue's height

The less'ning pomp of courts surveys,
 Or like the bee with happy flight
 Amidst the sweets of beauty plays.

Thus have I at the noon tide hour,

In Senates seen thee great appear,
 Ere night reclin'd, beneath the bower
 Repeat thy vows in Myra's ear.

Go the great Thunderer above,

The rebel sons of earth supprest,

Flew on the silver plumes of love

To find repose on Leda's breast.

*Earl of Chesterfield. *)*

*) *S. Miscellaneous Works of Lord Chesterfield.*

Tom. I. pag. 270.

On the Lady Dowager (E. Howard.)

Vain are the charms of white and red,

Which divide the blooming fair;

Give me the nymph, whose snow is spread

Not o'er her breast but hair.

Of smoother cheeks the winning grace

As open forces I defy;

But in the wrinkles of her face

Cupids, as in ambush, lie.

If naked eyes set hearts on blaze,

And am'rous warmth inspire;

Thro' glass who darts her pointed rays

Lights up a fiercer fire,

*Earl of Bath. *)*

*) *New foundl. Hosp. for Wit. IV. 135.*

S o n g.

When Delia on the plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
 I would approach, but dare not move; —
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?
 Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
 No other voice but her's can hear,
 No other wit but her's approve; —
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love.
 If she some other youth command,
 Though I was once his fondest friend,
 His instant enemy I prove; —
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love.
 When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleased before
 The clearest spring, or shadiest grove; —
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love.
 When fond of power, of beauty vain,
 Her nets she spread for every swain,
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove; —
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

Lord Lyttleton.

Epigram.

Accept a miracle, instead of wit

See two bad lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

Pope. *)

T. 5

isn't met & bad and below radio oN

*) Mr. Pope being one day in company at Lord Cobham's with a great number of persons of distinction, who were scribbling verses on their Glasses, was desired by Lord Chesterfield to oblige them with a distich extempore. Favour me with your diamond, my Lord, said the poet, and immediately after wrote those verses on his Glass; but a much finer, though equally short, character was drawn of him and of Mr. Pulteney, by the same hand;

How can I Pulteney, Chesterfield forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit.

.See: *Miscellaneous Works of Lord Chesterfield with Dr. Maty's Memoirs of his Lordship's Life, Dublin, 1777. Vol. I. pag. 245.*

Strephon.

Strephon hath fashion, wit and youth,
 With all things else, that please;
 He nothing wants but love and truth,
 To ruin me with ease:
 But he is flint, and bears the art
 To kindle strong desire;
 His pow'r inflames another's heart,
 Yet he ne'er feels the fire.
 Oh! how it doth my soul perplex,
 When I his charms recall,
 To think she should despise the sex,
 Or worse, should love 'em all;
 My wearied heart, like Noah's dove,
 Thus seeks in vain for rest;
 Finding no hope to fix it's love,
 Returns into my breast.

Mrs Taylor.

The Plowman's Ditty.

When Molly smiles beneath her cow,
 I feel my heart I can't tell how;
 When Molly is on Sunday dress,
 On Sundays I can take no rest.

What can I do ? on woky days
 I leave my work , on her to gaze .
 What shall I say ? at sermon I
 Forget the text , when Molly's by .
 Good Master Curate , teach me how
 To mind your preaching and my plow ;
 And if for this you'll raise a spell ,
 A good fat goose shall thank you well .

Gent. Mag. Dec. 1732. 1122.

Elegy on the Death of a mad Dog.

Good people all , of every sort ,
 Give ear unto my song ;
 And if you find it wonderous short ,
 It cannot hold you long .

In Isling - tor there was a man ,
 Of whom the world might fay ,
 That still a godly race he ran ,
 Whene'er he went to pray .

A kind and gentle heart he had ,
 To comfort friends and foes ;
 The naked every day he clad ,
 When he put on his cloaths .

And in that town a dog was found,

As many dogs there be,
Both mungred, puppi, whelp, and hound,

And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;

But when a pique began, or sudden fit com'd
The dog, to gain his private ends,

Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets,

The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,

To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore, and sad

To every christian eye;

And while they swore the dog was mad,

They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,

That shew'd the rogues they ly'd.

They man recover'd of the bite,

The dog it was that dy'd.

Goldsmith.

Verses, written by Thomas Earl of
Strafford, the night before he was beheaded. *)

Go, empty joys,

With all your noise,

And leave me here alone,

In sweet sad silence to bemoan

Your vain and fleet delight,

Whose danger none can see aright,

While your false splendor dims his sight.

Go, and ensnare

With your false ware

Soul other easy wight,

And cheat him with your flattering light:

Rain on his head a show'r

Of honours, favour, wealth and pow'r;

Then snatch it from him in an hour!

Fill his big mind

With gallant wind

Of insolent applause:

Let him not fear all-carking laws,

Nor king, nor peoples frown;

But dream of something like a crown,

And climbing tow'rds it tumble down.

*) Gentl. Mag. Jun. 1744.

Let him appear
 In his bright sphere
 Like Cynthia in her pride,
 With star-like troops on every side;
 Such for their number and their light,
 As may at last o'erwhelm him quite,
 And blend us both in one dead night.
 Welcome sad night,
 Grief's sole delight!
 Your mourning best agrees
 With honour's funeral obsequies.

In Thetis' lap he lies
 Mantled with soft securities,
 Whose too much sunshine blinds his eycs.

Was he too bold,
 That needs would hold
 With curbing reins the day,
 And make sol's fiery steeds obey?
 Then sure as rash was I,
 Who with ambition's wings did fly
 In Charles his wain too hastily.

I fall! I fall!
 Whom shall I call?
 Alas! can he be heard,
 Who now is neither lov'd nor fear'd?
 You, who were wont to kiss the ground,

Whree'er my honour'd steps were found,
Come, catch me at my last rebound!

How each admires

Heav'n's twinkling fires,
When from their glorious seat
Their influence gives life and heat?

But oh! how few there are,
(Though danger from that act be far)
Will stoop, and catch a falling star?

Now 'tis too late,
To imitate
Those lights, whose pallidness
Argues no inward guiltiness.
Their course one way is bent,
The reason is, there's no dissent
In heav'n's high court of parliament.

The Enjoyment.

Claspt in the arms of her I love,
In vain, alas! for Life I strove:
My flutt'ring spirits, wrapt in fire,

By Love's mysterions art,
Borne on the wings of fierce desire,
Flew from my flaming heart.

Thus lying in a Trance for dead,
 Her swelling breasts bore up my head ;
 When wakin from a pleasing dream ,
 I saw her killing eyes ,
 Which did in fiery glances seem
 To say , now *Cælia* dies .
 Fainting , she press'd me in her arms ,
 And trembling lay , dissolv'd in charms ;
 When with a shiv'ring voice , she cry'd ,
 Must I alone , then , die ?
 No , no , I languishing reply'd ,
 I'll bear thee company .
 Melting our souls thus into one ,
 Swift joys our wishes did out - run :
 Then launch'd in rolling seas of bliss ,
 We bid the world adieu ;
 Swearing by every charming kiss ,
 To be for ever true .

Otway

The End of the first Volume.

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4th May